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The Daily

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ILLUSTRATED

A Paper for Men and Women.

Mirror.

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Bring  
Big Results.

No. 112.

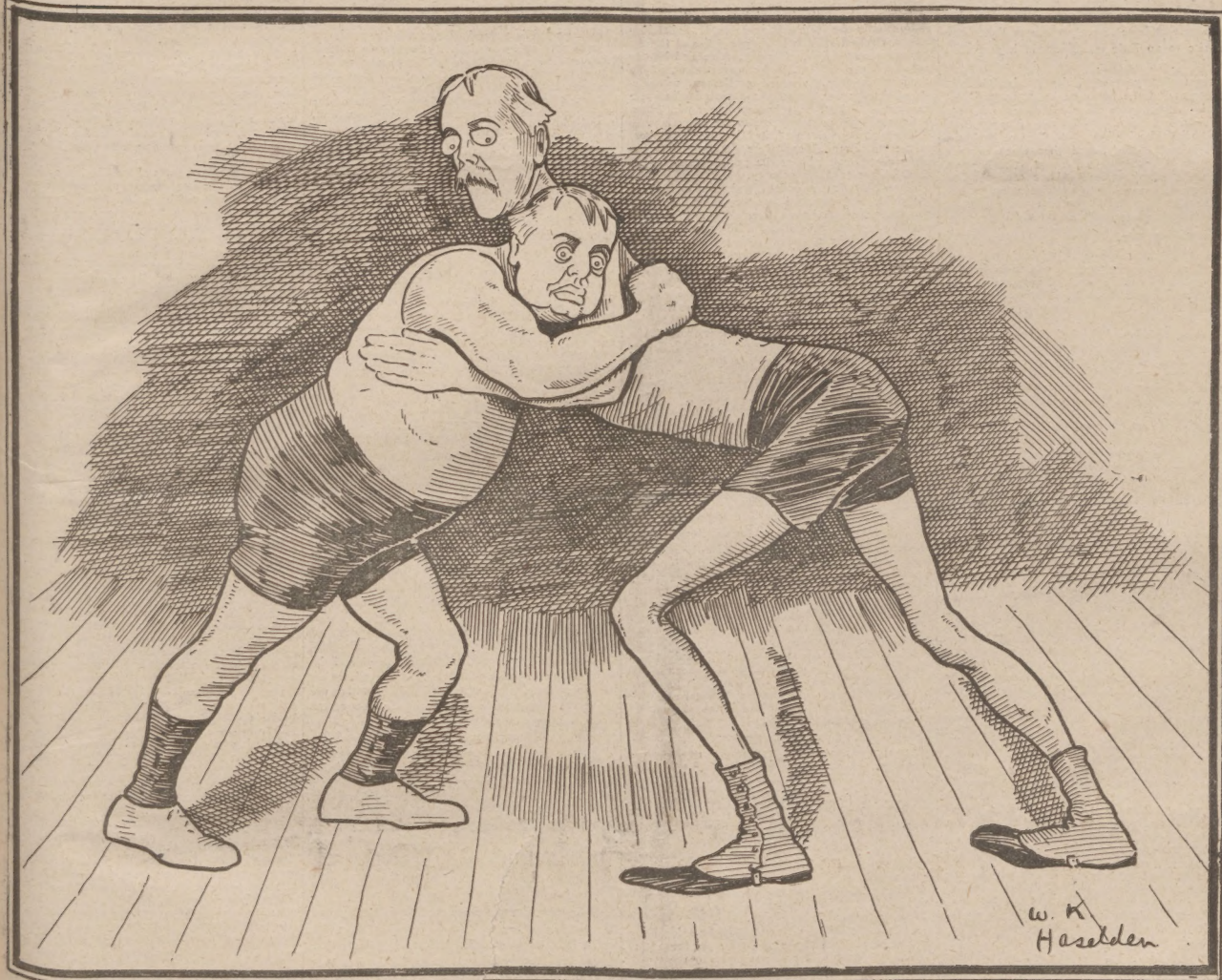
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SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

One Halfpenny.

## THE LAST GREAT WRESTLING MATCH.

The Terrible Earl Tries a Fall with the Downing-street Lion.



[Lord Rosebery's attack on Mr. Balfour in the House of Lords has been the subject of universal comment.]

## WILD WEST METHODS IN LONDON.

### Booking Clerk Gagged and Bound by a Robber.

From a story told at the Worship-street Police Court yesterday the magistrate might have imagined himself dispensing justice to the Wild West.

It is not everyday that in London a thief, single-handed, attacks a booking-office clerk, binds and gags him, robs the till, and walks off with a nod and a friendly good-night for a passing policeman.

John Payne was, however, charged with doing all these things, although he himself declines the lustre of heroic deeds and pleads an alibi; he was, he says, deep in unromantic slumber in his own bed at the time.

**The Injured Clerk's Story.**  
A representative of the *Mirror* has interviewed a friend of the injured booking-clerk, also employed at Whitechapel Station, where the outrage took place.

He didn't seem in much of a hurry, and passed the time of day with one of the chaps on the platform. 'All right, mate?' he asked. 'Yes,' said the chap, 'how's yourself?' Then after a bit he went away.

'I think myself,' continued the man, 'that he went down on the line and waited until after the last train had gone. Then when the lights were out he crept out of the tunnel. That would be about one o'clock. I believe that this man then walked up the stairs into the booking-office.'

'Macintosh was kneeling down at the fireplace. The man hit him on the back of the head with a short stick, loaded with lead at one end. Macintosh fell over and the chap hit him again. Then he took a piece of rope from the office, tied his feet together and his hands behind his back.'

Cool as a Cucumber.

As the story was told at the police court, when he recovered his senses Macintosh found himself on a couch with a man standing over him.

'How much money is there?' he asked. 'I don't know,' replied Macintosh. 'I've got a revolver,' said the man, 'and I'll shoot if you attempt to make a row.' He looked round the office, took what money he could find, and then gagged the clerk with his handkerchief; 'that'll keep you quiet.'

Then, as the *Mirror* representative learnt, he went to the station door, where the keys

were in the lock in readiness for Macintosh. The man opened the door and saw a policeman outside. He returned to the booking-office and began to talk to the clerk. 'Whoever he was,' went on the *Mirror's* informant, 'he knew something about Macintosh, although he has only been here a week. He told him there was a policeman outside, and he was going to wait a bit. "Your father's a policeman," he said. Macintosh couldn't speak because of the handkerchief in his mouth, so he nodded. I believe they carried on quite a conversation like that.'

**Remains a Mystery.**

Finally, the man went out. The clerk, after some wriggling, managed to get the gag from his mouth, and loosened the rope about his legs somewhat. His hands he was unable to free. But he reached the door and called a policeman, who took him to the hospital.

From information Macintosh gave the police Payne, who was at one time employed at Whitechapel but has recently been at Rotherhithe, was arrested early yesterday morning. As we have stated, however, Payne denies that he is the man who attacked Macintosh. The affair must remain a mystery, therefore, until it is gone into at the police court next week.

Near Raynes Park Station yesterday a Guildford train knocked down Arthur Hill, signal fitter, and killed him.

## GRIM REMINDER.

### Lodger Objects to His Landlady's Coffin in His Bedroom.

An amusing scene took place (says our Geneva correspondent) in the local court yesterday.

An old man was brought before the magistrate for assaulting a woman.

'This is the last straw,' he excitedly exclaimed; 'let me explain myself. Three months ago my landlady, who used to keep her coffin under her bed, put it into my room to my great annoyance.'

'It is dispiriting, your honour, to see your 'ultimate envelope' continually, and I threatened to throw the thing out of the window unless it was taken away. My landlady has promised to take it away every day for the last three months.'

'The thing had a bad effect on my health, and I, who was always gay, became sad, and finally I threw the beastly thing out of the window, and it was smashed to pieces. My landlady then attacked me with a broom, and I defended myself. That is all, and now she accuses me of assault.'

The case was dismissed amidst laughter.

## FLEA-BITE CAUSES PLAGUE.

Bubonic plague has reappeared at Sydney. An errand-boy named Oliver Goldsmith, while removing a dead rat from his employer's premises, was bitten by a flea from the body and infected with the dread disease.



## RUSSIA'S TROUBLES AT HOME.

Tsar Supplied With False Information by Secret Agents.

## WOMEN TRAITORS

Anxious to See Their Country Brought Low.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. PETERSBURG, Tuesday.

The Political Intelligence Department of the Russian Foreign Office has hitherto been regarded as the most perfectly organised in the world, but some facts that have recently come to light have given rise to no little uneasiness in high official circles in St. Petersburg.

Nearly twenty years ago, the Russian Government recognised the enormous advantage possessed by women over men as diplomatic agents in Oriental countries. While they alone obtain admission into the families of Moslem or Buddhist statesmen and officials, and thus often acquire information of immense value to the Russian Government, many instances have occurred in which women were able to exercise a far greater influence over Oriental Sovereigns and statesmen than would have been possible for men.

### Defect Hoped For.

As a tentative measure, special classes were arranged at St. Petersburg in which instruction was given to a carefully selected group of women students in Turkish, Persian, Chinese, Japanese, and the more important languages spoken in India.

The success of these lady diplomats in extending Russian influence led the Government, in 1898 and 1899 to open more numerous classes at St. Petersburg and at Moscow, in which similar instruction was given to lady doctors and governesses who were willing to accept appointments in Oriental families.

Unfortunately the great majority of women students in Russia are ardent Liberals, and bitterly opposed to the autocratic régime. In the opinion of most Russian Liberals a reform in the Government can only be brought about by a national defeat in a great war, corresponding to that sustained by France in 1871, which resulted in the overthrow of the Empire and the establishment of the Republic.

With this end in view the Russian Foreign Office was deliberately supplied with misleading information, especially in relation to Chinese, Korean, Japanese, and Tibetan affairs.

### The Tsar Misled.

It appears that in several cases important "official" documents, which the lady diplomats sent to St. Petersburg, alleging that they had been surreptitiously obtained by them, had, by their own connivance, really been drawn up for the special purpose of misleading the Russian Government.

I am assured by a high Russian official that the movements of the Russian fleet and the disposition of the land forces at the opening of the war with Japan would have been entirely different, and the disaster at Port Arthur would have been averted, had not the Tsar been misled as to the intended movements of the Japanese fleet and the possible co-operation of China, by documents which it was believed had really been stolen from Government offices in Japan, China, and Korea.

There is nothing surprising, to those who know Russia intimately, in Russian Liberals (and not only the Nihilists properly so-called) wishing for their country to be defeated. Thousands among them would sacrifice any number of lives—including their own—to bring about a revolution and secure some kind of Constitutional Government.

## CRY FOR CHINESE.

Lord Milner Sends Message to Remove Misunderstanding.

The following messages dispatched to Mr. Lyttelton in connection with the Chinese labour question were issued from the Colonial Office last evening.

The first, sent on March 8 by the Governor of Natal, reads: "It is the opinion of Ministers that unless tension occasioned by the short labour supply in the Transvaal is afforded immediate relief, such as the proposed introduction of Chinese under indenture offers, there is grave cause to apprehend that the financial position throughout South Africa will be seriously affected."

The second, from Lord Milner, on March 10, states: "I received this morning a large deputation representing some thirty public bodies and associations, and about forty mines in the Witwatersrand district.

"They asked me to telegraph to you the following resolution: 'We desire most earnestly to impress on His Majesty's Government that it is the interests of the whole white community of this Colony that are at stake, and more especially of the British population engaged in commerce and industry, which are dependent on an adequate supply of coloured labour. That so far from the importation of unskilled labour diminishing the employment of whites, it must necessarily augment it. That failing the giving of immediate effect to the ordinance an increasing number of white workers will find themselves without the means of livelihood, and the present acute financial and industrial depression will be intensely aggravated.'"

## NERVOUS OF NIHILISTS.

LOYAL RUSSIAN'S ESCAPE FROM TSAR'S "PERSONAL POLICE."

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

KIEFF, Wednesday.

The fear of Nihilist activity during the war is becoming greater every day. Suspicion falls upon all sorts of people, and incidents, sometimes serious, more often laughable, are constantly showing how nervous people are. Here is one instance:

The revived activity of the Holy League, or "Okhrana," which was founded about twenty years ago by a group of Russian nobles for the purpose of protecting the Tsars against Nihilist outrages, has been the cause of an unpleasant experience to a gentleman named Sabatichnikoff, who has just returned here from St. Petersburg.

M. Sabatichnikoff is a well-known member of the South Russian branch of the "Okhrana," but he had hitherto had no personal relations with the northern branch of the society. According to his story when he and a friend, M. Stepanovitch, arrived at the St. Petersburg railway station they were shadowed by an aristocratic-looking person in civilian dress.

Late on the following night, after leaving a restaurant in the Italiankaya street, M. Sabatichnikoff was seized from behind, gagged, and thrown into a covered sleigh. His captors carried him to a house, close by, where he was confronted by about a dozen well-dressed gentlemen, who declared that he was the notorious Piotr Malinsky, a pardoned Nihilist, who has of late fallen under suspicion as ill-affected to the authority.

The inquirers declared that they were members of the "Okhrana," and were determined to remove all persons who at the present crisis might turn traitors to their country.

When M. Sabatichnikoff begged them to send for the police, they retorted that they were the Tsar's personal police, and were determined to protect the person against scoundrels. They locked M. Sabatichnikoff in a room, giving him cigarettes but no food, and there he remained all night.

Next morning M. Stepanovitch, becoming anxious, informed the police that he feared his friend had been assassinated or captured by Nihilists, to whom he was an inveterate enemy. Inquiries were made, and next day at twelve o'clock an inspector and three constables broke into the prison-room, where they found M. Sabatichnikoff on his knees imploring the "Okhrana" for mercy.

## "LITTLE RUSSIANS."

Pass Resolutions Supporting the Enemies of Their Country.

The majority of the Russian exiles and students in Switzerland are revolutionists and Nihilists. They have (writes our Geneva correspondent) been holding several meetings at Berne, Zurich, Lausanne, and Geneva, protesting against the war, and have sent messages of sympathy to the Japanese Socialists. The women students have been very prominent at the conferences. The secret presses belonging to the Russian Socialists have been turning out piles of revolutionist literature, which have been smuggled into Russia across the Russian and Austrian frontiers.

Bezarskoff, the friend of Alexieff, and one of the chiefs of the war party, is still in Geneva in disgrace, and the Tsar refuses to allow him to return to St. Petersburg. The Russian Minister at Berne has opened a subscription list in favour of wounded Russian soldiers and sailors.

## SULTAN'S DIAMOND TEETH.

Eastern Potentate Who Wants To Be an Actor.

His Serene Highness Ibrahim, Sultan of Johore, who arrived in London in the early part of the week, and is staying at the Grosvenor Hotel by his suite, paid an official visit to the Colonial Office yesterday morning.

At the close of last year he made the astonishing statement that he intended going on the stage. It will not be his first connection with the "profession," for he has been on the boards before; and his Sultana was an actress. He has also lately been chaperoning two young ladies whom he wishes to see come out on the English stage. He does not intend to embark on his theatrical career in England, but is going on to America.

His Highness's chief hobbies are big game shooting and horse racing, and he owns a large stud of racers at his palace in Johore.

When he smiles there is a noticeable peculiarity about his teeth that arouses a stranger's curiosity. He met with a rather serious accident some years ago, when he had all his incisor teeth knocked out by a horse, and as he has had them replaced by gold ones, into each of which has been set a large diamond, the effect is rather striking.

His Highness when visiting Australia last year had a rather uncomfortable encounter with the authorities concerning the stringent immigration laws of that country. On being told that he was a prohibited alien, and could not land, he replied, "Very well, I want buy any more horses in this beastly country," and remarked, with reference to the alien law, that "they ought to have that law in Australia knocked down. Subsequently, however, permission was accorded him to go ashore.

## WHY TRAINS ARE CROWDED.

At yesterday's sitting of the Royal Commission on London Traffic at the Westminster Palace Hotel the general manager of the Great Eastern Railway Company, Mr. J. F. Gooday, whose sudden illness last week prevented his completing his evidence, was recalled. He said his company's experience of running workmen's trains was that what was described as crowding was due to people rushing into carriages at the last moment while there was plenty of room in other parts of the trains.

## DINED WITH THE KING.

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE MEETS HIS MAJESTY.

At the brilliant gathering which assembled last night at Brook House, where the King dined with Lord Tweedmouth, perhaps the most interesting figure was that of Mr. David Lloyd-George, M.P.

It is an open secret that Mr. Lloyd-George's personality has for some time had a particular attraction for the King, and that the prominent and sensational rôle which this well-known M.P. has taken on the political stage has made his Majesty very desirous of meeting him.

There is perhaps no member of the Liberal party who may be more truthfully described as a coming man than the member for Carnarvon. He is a Welshman full of the traditions of fiery energy of natives of "gallant little Wales." His eloquence and his hard-hitting propensities make him one of the few private members who will always draw a full house.

His pro-Boer inclinations and the prominent rôle he took in pro-Boer agitation for a time lost him the sympathy of men who had followed his career with interest and brought him considerably into popular disfavour, as was shown in a very marked fashion at the many wrecked meetings at which he figured.

But the public never harbours rancour against a man of such exceptional ability, entire sincerity in his convictions, and high public honour as Mr. Lloyd-George, and there is no doubt that these qualities will give him high place in his party.

In private life Mr. Lloyd-George is one of the most genial and popular of men. He dresses well, is handsome, and has a fund of humour.

This last feature of his make-up is sure to gain him favour with the King, who loves nothing so much as a brilliant raconteur.

## WRITING TO THE KING.

Mr. Justice Lawrence, at Leeds Assizes yesterday, heard a remarkable libel action, brought by Mr. J. W. Stell, of 27, Oak-road, Scarborough, an auctioneer, against the proprietors and publishers of the "Scarborough Post."

Mr. Stell objected to the insertion of letters he had addressed to his Majesty the King prefaced by the statement "We are certainly developing humours in Scarbo'." When the letters were read they proved to be scurrilous in the extreme, and the jury, who had heard him write them, the jury promptly stopped the case.

## WOMAN NIHILIST

Among Men Sentenced For Historic Crimes.

The trial before the military tribunal at St. Petersburg of Nihilists for participation in the political assassinations of recent years concluded yesterday after five sittings with closed doors.

Three of the accused, Dr. Herschun, Lieutenant Grigorieff (of the Artillery), and a student named Melnikoff, were condemned to death, while three others were sentenced to four years' penal servitude.

A female student was sentenced to three months' imprisonment.

The military tribunal decided to recommend the Tsar to commute the sentence of death in the case of Lieutenant Grigorieff, and it is thought that the Tsar will also grant a reprieve in the case of the other condemned men.—Reuter.

## ANOTHER NAVAL FIGHT.

Japanese Prisoners Exhibited in the Streets of Mukden.

There was another fight at Port Arthur yesterday, in which the Russians seem to have taken the aggressive.

A Reuter telegram from St. Petersburg, dated March 11, says:—

"A dispatch from Port Arthur of to-day's date states that the Russian torpedo flotilla left Port Arthur in broad daylight this morning and attacked the Japanese fleet. One Japanese torpedo boat and one Russian destroyer—the Bezposhtchadny—were sunk. The fate of the latter's crew is unknown."

## RUSSIAN TROOPS DELAYED.

From Admiral Alexieff's headquarters at Mukden the following has been issued: "In consequence of the very diverse and conflicting reports of the landing of Japanese troops at various points and of the future intentions of the Japanese Generals, the army corps which has arrived at Harbin has been detained there by the field staff. As very severe frosts have set in some difficulty is experienced in providing suitable accommodation for this large force."

Intelligence from Yingkow yesterday states that one officer and four Japanese soldiers who were captured at Wiju were paraded through the streets of Mukden on March 8.

In gratitude for medical supplies sent from Russia to the Boer forces during the South African war it is said that 100 young Boers have offered to act as scouts for the Russian troops.

## S.A. SHIPPING RING'S DEFENCE.

The firms composing the "South African Shipping Ring" have addressed to the Colonial Secretary a letter denying that their rates press heavily upon the merchants and public in the Transvaal. They say that the railway charges from the coast to Johannesburg are much more excessive.

The British South Africa Company's secretary, however, pointed out some time ago that the question was not what rates the shipping companies in the "Ring" charged, but whether other lines were not prepared to charge less, and whether the "Ring" was not trying to prevent a free and open market in freights.

## BLACKMAIL IN THE NAVY.

The "Mirror" Disclosures Flutter Official Dovecotes.

## SHIPS' POLICE TYRANNY.

The blackmailing scandal was the sole topic of interest yesterday at the naval ports. Events in the Far East paled to insignificance when the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* revelations had been digested at naval breakfast tables. Commissioned officers read and looked grave.

In the barrack rooms news of the exposure spread like a prairie fire. The men, as they went about their work, conversed in low tones, keeping their "weather eye" lifting, lest their gayer comments should reach the ears of a perturbed police.

Even at the Port Admiral's office there were indications of a flutter.

Ships' police were, more or less successfully, in air of virtuous indignation, and were remarked to be more zealous than usual in the preservation of discipline. Only one overheard the men's anger:

"Silence there in No. 14 mess! Jones, don't let me 'ave to caution you again. D'y'e 'ear what I says? Silence! One would think this 'ere barrack was full of newspaper reporters, instead of seamen."

On all sides are signs of satisfaction and of suppressed excitement among the men, especially among those in the barrack. Certain wags make delicate allusions to "house property," "motor cars," or the blessings of "high-class schooling." Others, again, are heard to announce their intention of joining the ships' police.

"My old woman's very fond of jewellery," said one aspirant. "Now, if I was a corporal, I'd buy her a diamond necklace and send the kids to a bloomin' grammar school."

All of which is gall and wormwood to the police. They take mental notes and bide their time. The wits have need to be careful.

A word here touching the ships' police. Here are these powerful pillars of discipline selected from the public and trained in the most efficient manner, with extreme care, that they are well educated, specially trained to preserve discipline, and of exceptionally high character.

But it is not so. Any man above the rating of A.B. who is not a bad character officially, has his chance of entering the police corps. He may be quite an indifferent seaman or stoker—he may be totally unfit to exercise authority; yet such a man often succeeds in becoming a ship's corporal.

### A Bad Case.

If unscrupulous, tyrannical, but sufficiently zealous in reporting trivial offences, such a man may even rise to the grade of Master-at-Arms, vulgarly termed "Jaunty."

Yet to these men is entrusted the maintenance of discipline on the lower deck and in the barrack rooms. They wield (often unscrupulously) enormous powers. The bare assertion of a fourth-rate corporal carries all the weight of evidence.

Of these men are tyrannical and untruthful to an extent little suspected by the officers. Here is a well-authenticated case. Some months ago a certain petty officer quartered in barracks broke up his home in Ireland and brought his family to—

Refusing to pay the usual "fees" to the ships' police, this petty officer, although entitled to night leave on alternate evenings, found himself virtually a prisoner in the barracks, and seldom able to see his family. After much hesitation, he stated his case to the commanding officer.

The police immediately produced "leave" books (presumably a duplicate set) and convinced the commanding officer that the complaint was baseless and malicious. The petty officer was punished, and sent abroad in the very next draft. He is now in a "bug-trap" on the west coast of Africa.

The above is merely one of many cases in which efforts to resist blackmail have ended badly. Wonderful that most of the men pay these illicit "fees" and hold their tongues?

## CALM IN THE HOUSE.

Friday Is Passed in Considering Minor Measure.

A little Bill providing for the separate assessment and rating of land values monopolised the attention of His Majesty's faithful Commons yesterday's sitting.

It fell to the lot of "Charlie" Trevelyan, members generally call him, to bring the Bill before the notice of the House.

"Last year," the hon. member recalled, "the Bill was defeated by a majority of thirteen only, and it would not be an unheard of miracle if it were carried this year."

It was not a party measure, but the result of prolonged and businesslike deliberation of a conference of municipalities. The Bill, which was confined to London and the borough and urban district councils in England and Wales, provided for the separate assessment of land values of rateable premises.

The land value would be taken to be an amount equal to 2 per cent. on the selling value of the land as distinct from any building upon it.

Mr. Cripps moved an amendment declaring that no change in the incidence of taxation would be satisfactory which did not recognise the unfairness of the existing charges and make further provision for equitable contribution of all kinds of properties to such taxation.

Mr. Cripps's amendment was rejected by votes, and the second reading of the Bill subsequently agreed to without a division.

No hope is held out by the Postmaster-General in reply to a correspondent, that the existing newspaper rate will be reduced.



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SAHARAN EMPEROR CARICATURED IN THE MI-CAREME.



In the first car in the Mid-Lenten carnival procession in Paris was an amusing "Guy Fawkes" figure of his Majesty Jacques I., who was represented sitting enthroned on a great galley with a large duck for a figure head. Sugar loaves, the lion and the jackass, and other more or less complimentary symbols embellished the car, for which gendarmes with uplifted hands made way.

TO-DAY'S WEATHER.

Our special weather forecast for the week-  
end is: Very variable breezes; fair, dry, and  
rather cold generally; sunny days and foggy or  
misty nights.  
Lighting-up time: 6.58 p.m.  
Sea passages will all be smooth, but fogs  
will be encountered here and there.

TO-DAY'S NEWS AT A  
GLANCE.

An official statement from Admiral Alexeieff's  
quarters at Mukden explains that Russian troops  
have been delayed in their southward progress by  
frost and severe weather. The news of the Japanese  
landing in Southern Manchuria is not yet con-  
firmed.—(Page 2.)

Our correspondent at Kieff states that the fear of  
Nihilist activity during the war is daily becoming  
greater.—(Page 2.)

His Majesty the King dined with Lord Tweed-  
mouth at Brook House last evening. Included  
among the guests to meet his Majesty was Mr.  
Lloyd-George, M.P.—(Page 2.)

Mr. Trevelyan in the House of Commons moved  
the second reading of the Land Values (Assessment  
and Rating) Bill. An amendment moved by Mr.  
Cripps was on a division negatived, the Bill being  
read a second time.—(Page 2.)

Before the Kingston-on-Thames magistrates yes-  
terday Miss Mary Davis, thirty, was remanded on  
bail in respect of a charge of theft preferred  
against her by Mr. C. S. Rolfe, of Norbiton, who  
recently advertised in respect of a missing nurse

and child. Accused stated she had a perfect answer  
to the charge.—(Page 6.)

Disclosures in the Daily Illustrated Mirror  
concerning the naval blackmailing scandal has  
aroused widespread interest. Some further par-  
ticulars respecting the matter appear in this issue.  
Strong Admiralty action, it is said, is already  
contemplated.—(Page 2.)

The Southend coroner held an inquest respect-  
ing the death of a young girl named Johnson,  
found on the beach. It was shown by the doctor  
that the case was one of suicide, and a verdict to  
that effect was returned.—(Page 6.)

Medical evidence given at the inquiry respecting  
the death of Mr. S. E. Shirley, J.P., ex-M.P.,  
showed it arose naturally, and a verdict was re-  
turned to that effect.—(Page 6.)

In a case before the Worship-street Police Court  
magistrate yesterday prosecutor, a booking-clerk  
at Whitechapel Station, told an amazing story of  
assault, alleging he was bound and gagged by a  
man entering his office.—(Page 1.)

Mr. Justice Darling and a jury resumed the  
hearing of the action of alleged slander brought  
by Mr. W. Clerly against Mr. Nevill, of the  
Fawcett Association. The case ended in a verdict  
for the defendant.—(Page 6.)

Some facts about Mr. Edward Hughes, who has  
had the honour of painting the latest portrait of  
the Queen, are contained in a special article.—  
(Page 8.)

Twelve persons were slightly injured in an  
Edgeware-road collision due to the carelessness of  
a motor-car driver. At the police court the man,  
Sewell, admitted being under the influence of  
drink, and was ordered one month's hard labour.—  
(Page 9.)

Judge Edge, sitting at Clerkenwell County Court  
yesterday, heard a case concerning a music-hall  
sketch entitled "Purgatory," which was said to

have been withdrawn after one night's performance  
on account of its objectionable character.—  
(Page 6.)

To mark the birthday of two little girls a number  
of poor folk were yesterday entertained to a treat  
in a mission hall at Plaistow. This novel idea was  
attended with considerable success.—(Page 4.)

In his report on a collision that occurred at  
Penrith Station, L. and N.W. Railway, Lieutenant-  
Colonel Yorke attributes entire blame for the  
disaster to Driver Cartwright.—(Page 9.)

To-day's football programme includes three  
international matches. England and Ireland meet  
at Belfast, while Scotland and Wales play at Dun-  
dee; both games being under "Soccer" rules.  
The other—a Rugby contest is between Ireland  
and Wales at Belfast.—(Page 14.)

Kempton Park Races took place yesterday before  
a good attendance. Only two horses were seen  
out for the Stand Steeplechase, Leinster easily  
defeating Shannon Lass.—(Page 14.)

Stock Exchange business continued fairly brisk.  
Consols remained uncertain until just before the  
close, when they strengthened on the low rate at  
which the Government placed its Treasury bills.  
A firmer tone was also noticeable in the Home Rail-  
way Market.—(Page 13.)

To-day's Arrangements.

The Prince and Princess of Wales visit Portsmouth.  
Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) lays the foundation-  
stone of the Marylebone Borough Council's industrial  
dwelling, John-street, Edgware-road.  
Lord Rosebery at Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
Mr. Arnold-Forster distributes prizes to the 1st Cadet  
Battalion, K.R.R.C., Guildhall, 4.  
Oxford dinner of the Eighty and Russell Clubs, Mr.  
Rufus Isaacs, K.C., presiding.  
Charterhouse Mission: Ladies' Guild service at the  
Charterhouse Chapel, 3.15.  
Football: At Belfast, England v. Ireland (Association);  
at Dundee, Scotland v. Wales; at Belfast, Wales v.  
Ireland (Rugby).

RULING THE WAVES.

Denial of British Control of the  
Shipping Trust.

The "Shipping Gazette" says: We learn on the  
best authority that the statement is without founda-  
tion that the financial control of the International  
Mercantile Marine has passed into British hands.  
Mr. Pierpont Morgan remains a voting trustee as  
heretofore, Mr. J. Bruce Ismay has been appointed  
not only president, but managing director.

The reason for this is that the term "president"  
receives on this side of the Atlantic a somewhat  
honorary significance, and that it is desired that  
Mr. Ismay's business responsibility shall be made  
quite clear.

As Mr. Ismay has been chosen president and  
managing director by reason of his successful  
management of the White Star line, the statement  
that English methods and English ideas will char-  
acterise his business action may almost be regarded  
as an announcement of the obvious.

The apparent inability to distinguish between  
the Shipping Trust and the Shipbuilding Trust is  
constantly leading to misconception. Thus the  
Shipbuilding Trust, being in liquidation, the sale  
of some of its preferred shares at ten cents and of  
common shares at two cents apiece is gravely made  
to represent the "depths" to which the Shipping  
Trust has fallen. To say the least, it is not com-  
plimentary to British shipping to suggest that the  
shares of the organisation in which the White Star  
line is merged are to be had at the price of waste-  
paper.



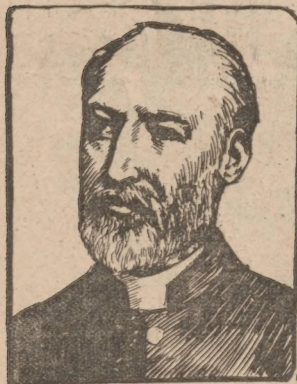
RICH CHILDREN AND POOR.

Unwonted Birthday Luxury in the Dock Districts.

Three huge boilers bubbled away in the kitchen attached to the St. Mary's Mission Hall at Plaistow yesterday morning, in which were twenty-seven suet puddings, family size, big, light, and puffy, while one by one the representatives of eighty-one "out-of-work" families gathered in the hall, each bringing a dish to hold a pudding, and a basin to hold a liberal supply of treacle.

The comers and the substitutes they brought for dishes told the home story. A mustard tin and a newspaper in one case, a handleless frying-pan and the remaining three-quarters of a much-chipped moustache cup in another—silent explanations of "faaver's beea out of work since Christmas, and muvver's pawned the uvver fings on Saturday nights."

The vicar, the Rev. T. Given-Wilson, explained that the occasion was the birthday-party of two little girls named Enid and Rosemary, who had written him enclosing postal orders to be spent on a tea-party crowned by two sugared cakes bearing their names, for poor people, which they thought would be a better birthday celebration than having the usual party at home. Instead, he had given "birthday dinner-parties," all sent home hot to people who had no coals for cooking.



REV. T. GIVEN-WILSON, vicar of St. Mary's, who organised the "birthday party" dinner. (Mauld & Fox, Photo by)

More birthday dinner-parties of the same kind are badly wanted in Plaistow just now, and the Rev. T. Given-Wilson will be delighted to be Master of Ceremonies if any other little girls, or boys, will send the necessary postal orders.

CURE FOR LOVE.

Does Marriage Always End the Malady?

At a meeting of the Phrenological Society Dr. Bernard Hollander spoke of love as an infectious disease, for which marriage was a certain cure. The statement has aroused great concern among some of our readers. Here are two out of a number of letters that have reached us.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.) I never had much opinion of phrenologists, and even the opinion I had was sunk since I read the remarks Dr. Bernard Hollander made to the Incorporated British Phrenological Society on Thursday.

His cheap jokes about love being an infectious disease, which, like rheumatism, "could not be believed in unless you had had it," "were no doubt got out of the old files of some long-deceased comic paper. He is welcome to them. But when he talks about marriage being the "one great cure for love which has never been known to fail," he touches the tenderest and noblest feelings of millions of his fellow-creatures.

I say, sir, it is a libel upon all married people. I know a good few, and I can only think of three cases in which husbands and wives have ceased to love one another after they were married. Many couples I know are far more deeply devoted than when they were courting.

Taking one case. I have been married for thirteen years. My husband and I have had our difficult times, now and again we have very nearly quarrelled outright. But we certainly love each other quite as much as we did fifteen years ago when we became engaged, if not more, though I don't know whether that would be possible.

I do everything I can to make him comfortable and happy, and he is never better pleased than when we are alone together at home.

Marriage might be a good cure for phrenology, which Dr. Hollander seems to have got very badly, but as a cure for love I—no, sir, it is the best stimulant to love that could be imagined.

ANTI-HUMBURG.

South Hampstead, March 11.

(To the Editor of the Daily Illustrated Mirror.) I cannot agree with the eminent physician's views so far as the remedy is concerned, for I have never yet known an instance where the disease has been entirely stamped out by the union of the two infected persons. Quite the contrary, for I have always been under the impression that marriage was conducive to preserve the disease in its most acute form.

Love is too contagious, and liable to recur at any moment, and the relapse is invariably worse than the original attack.

Bournemouth.

"A CONVALESCENT."

L.C.C. "MAYOR."

Mr. J. W. Benn Nominated by Progressives.

Members of the Progressive party in the London County Council met yesterday, and decided to nominate Mr. J. Williams Benn for the chairmanship of the Council for the ensuing year.

Mr. Benn is one of the representatives for Kensington, and has done important work in carrying

MUCH NEWS IN FEW WORDS.

"Individual." Communion cups are to be provided at the City Temple.

Our diplomatic and Consular services are estimated to cost £553,067 in the coming financial year.

Mr. Kettle, the Greenwich magistrate, yesterday dismissed the summons against one constable in the recent perjury proceedings, and the prosecution withdrew a second concerning another officer.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge is making excellent progress towards recovery.

Mr. E. M. Mundy Denby has ordered a powerful and palatial turbine yacht from the Fairfield Shipbuilding Company, Glasgow.

"Scaffolding will always be in sight round Westminster Abbey," says an Abbey authority. "One must always be repairing such a venerable building."

Swindon guardians have decided to induce boys in the workhouse to take an interest in gardening by giving them plots of land on which they may work.

Mr. Thomas C. Wright, who presided at Price's Candle Company's fifty-seventh annual meeting yesterday, has occupied that position at forty of them.

James Clarkson, who was sentenced to death at York for the murder of a twelve-year-old girl named Elizabeth Lynas, at Gainsborough, will be executed on March 29.

There is at Haywards Heath a hen which every day spends several hours in the company of a cow. It lays its eggs in the manger, and as soon as it rises the cow eats the eggs.

Invitations have been sent to riflemen of foreign countries to compete about October 1 at Seapoint, New Jersey, for the Palma Trophy, which was captured by the United States at Bisley.

Stratford-on-Avon is also to have Greek plays performed at the Annual Shakespeare Festival, under Mr. F. R. Benson's direction. These will be the "Agamemnon," "The Libation-Bearers," and "The Furies" of Æschylus, which have been acted together for 2,000 years.

A Greek play, the "Alcestis," of Euripides, will be acted on June 21, 23, 25, 27, and 28 at Bradfield College, Berks, in the open-air theatre upon the Greek model built in a disused chalk-pit.

To a deputation at Sydney yesterday Mr. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, says he has no intention of depriving boards of guardians of their general powers of administering the Poor Law.

Mr. Robert Donald, adopted Liberal candidate for North West Ham, having withdrawn, it is thought his place may be taken by Mr. F. G. Marten, who recently unsuccessfully contested Dulwich.

Mr. Alfred Davies, M.P., will ask the President of the Local Government Board whether he has any official information showing how frozen and chilled meat contributes to the increasing number of cases of cancer.

Considering it "a system of slavery, and purely for the benefit of the mine-owners," the National Conference of Miners, at Westminster yesterday, adopted a resolution condemning Chinese labour in South Africa.

Replying to a correspondent, the Right Hon. Walter Long, President of the Local Government Board, says he has no intention of depriving boards of guardians of their general powers of administering the Poor Law.

There are 560 boys at the Duke of York's School taught by one head and five assistant masters, who have also to train forty Army schoolmasters. Next Monday Mr. Lambert will ask whether an increase in the staff is contemplated.

While some boiler and pipe tests were being carried out on board the French torpedo-boat Couleuvrine at Rochefort yesterday, the safety valve burst, seriously injuring the foreman, assistant, and three workmen.

In Marylebone Workhouse is a family with a remarkable experience of workhouse life, grandfather, the grandmother, their three daughters, a son-in-law, and eight grandchildren have all at one time or another sojourned in the "house."

EXCITING ACCIDENT IN "CLUBLAND."



Taking fright at Charing Cross, a horse attached to a contractor's cart ran along Pall Mall and, dashing into the stone parapet of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, knocked it down. Both horse and cart fell into the area, 15 feet below, and the horse was killed instantly.

out the Council's policy of purchasing and electrifying the tramways in South London. At one time he represented St. George's-in-the-East in Parliament, but was defeated in 1895.

He is an effective speaker, and has been credited with being the Council's only humorist, but he has done excellent work for the citizens since the creation of the Council in 1889.

It was also decided by the meeting to nominate Mr. E. A. Cornwall for the position of vice-chairman, a post he filled last year.

For the office of deputy-chairman the Moderates have agreed to nominate Mr. Alderman Alliston.

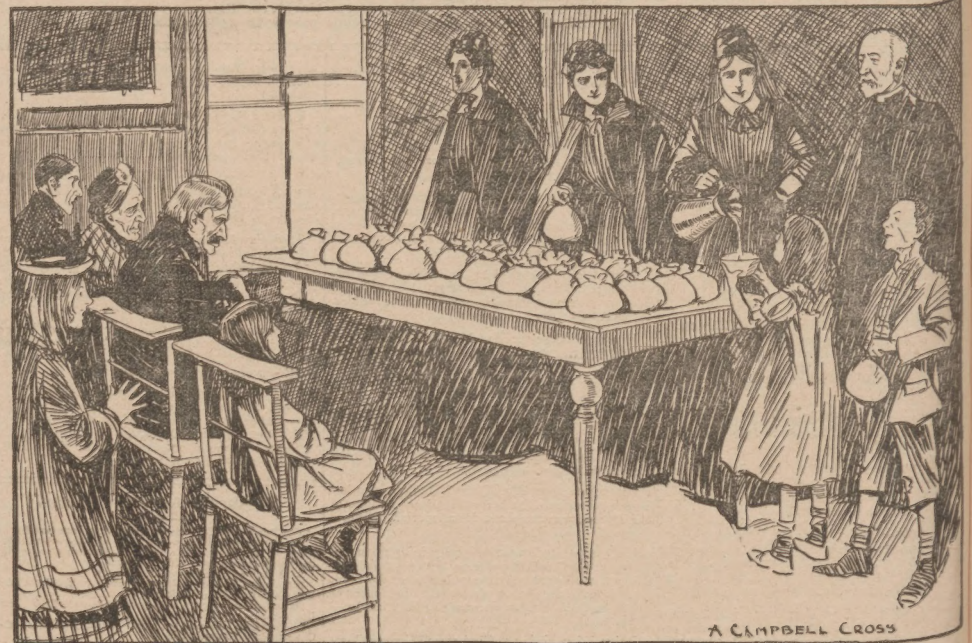
The third officer, a sergeant, has been committed for trial.

Aliens arriving in London in February numbered 2,558, as against 2,229 in the same month of 1903.

The crew of the British steamer Afghanistan, wrecked in the Red Sea, arrived at Plymouth yesterday.

No news has been received of Alfred Knight, the eight-year-old son of a Reading electrician, who, it is believed, was kidnapped by gipsies on February 22.

CHILDRENS' GIFT FEEDS THE POOR.



Two little girls, who thought that the best way of celebrating their birthdays was to give a dinner party to the poor, sent the Rev. T. Given Wilson postal orders for the purpose, and yesterday morning he sent out from St. Mary's Mission Hall, at Plaistow, eighty-one splendid dinners to "out-of-work" families.

A CAMPBELL CROSS



# W WORDS.

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IPBELL CROSS

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## SON-IN-LAW SYNDICATE.

Capture of Heiresses as a Business Speculation.

15 PER CENT. ON DOWRIES.

Impecunious young Englishmen of good birth with matrimonial inclinations and, preferably, with titles, will shortly be given an excellent opportunity of improving their fortunes.

An association of American financiers, which may be appropriately described as "The Son-in-Law Syndicate," has just had its birth in Chicago.

It is formed with the purpose of placing well-bred, well-educated, healthy, and good-looking young men in a position to pay court to American heiresses, with a view to matrimony.

The syndicate which thus proposes to provide eligible sons-in-law for American millionaires will act as a kind of rich father to the young men it selects as matrimonial candidates, and will provide for them the necessary introductions and sufficient money to pass through the courtship period with eclat.

### Profits on Dowry.

Each candidate will be required to enter into an agreement with the syndicate to repay, if successful, all the money advanced for his campaign and a 15 per cent. bonus on the dowry of the bride.

A *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, who learned that a representative of the Son-in-Law Syndicate was in London, yesterday called on him at the West End Hotel, at which he is staying. "You have been correctly informed," said this gentleman, in reply to a query as to the intentions of the syndicate. "But you can realise that, as it is necessary to act with great delicacy and discretion in a business like this, I am not anxious to publish my identity. I am at present engaged in making most extensive inquiries, and in laying plans for the opening of our campaign.

"All the business arrangements between my principals and the young gentlemen we select will, of course, be of the most confidential nature, for on this depends the success of the whole thing. We have got a fairly complete list of all the heiresses in America, and coupled with each name is a photograph and the amount of the anticipated dowry.

"Having made our arrangements here, we will open our campaign in America at the next Newport season."

### No Greybeards Eligible.

Before the interview closed the *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative was favoured with a glance at a draft prospectus of the syndicate.

The first paragraph set forth the aims of the syndicate, and stated that all candidates who desired its support should be under the age of thirty-five years.

Next it is explained that the syndicate does not propose to limit its operations solely to Englishmen. "We anticipate, however," the prospectus states, "that most of our selected candidates will be Englishmen, for they are better adapted for our business, as they pay more attention to the social side of life than the average young American.

"We propose," the prospectus continues, "to present the business aspect of the matter strongly to our selected candidates. In this ordinary business of commerce if a man makes a fortune he spends the greater part of his life in doing so. Our intention is to open up opportunities whereby with from six months to one year's strict attention to business the young men who obtain our support will have a greater and more assured financial standing than if they had spent a lifetime at any other business."

The syndicate believes that to woo and win a young lady of wealth is no more difficult business proposition than is entered on day by day by the average young business man, and it holds that if selected candidates devote themselves earnestly to the task of wooing, the results will be satisfactory enough to pay gratifying dividends to the promoters.

### Money No Object.

The syndicate's selection of candidates will be made at full meetings of the board of directors, and special account will be taken of good looks, staminate breeding, physical development, and records in athletics.

Want of money need by no means deter a young man from applying for selection as a candidate for the hand of a million heiress, for candidates who are selected will be provided, for six months certain, with possible extensions to nine and twelve months, with ample funds to carry on their wooing in the best style, with carte blanche at the most fashionable tailors. Bills from florists and such like tradesmen will be promptly met, and cigars of the finest brands supplied. Motor-cars owned by the syndicate will also be at the service of selected candidates.

At the end of six months all unsuccessful candidates will be examined as to progress, and where evidence justifies it three or six months' extension will be given.

### Another Chance.

At these six-monthly examinations candidates whose chances seem hopeless will be wooed, but if they can show reasons why they would have a better chance with some other heiress another six months' probation will be allowed unless one of the syndicate's young men is already wooing the lady.

It will be recalled that something on similar lines to the proposal of "The Son-in-Law Syndicate" has been tried before, as there was a famous case not very long ago where a young English aristocrat, who had been financed by a small company in his wooing of an heiress presumed to be worth £500,000, was sued for £5,000, the balance of £495,000 he had agreed to repay the company.

### MEMORY THAT KILLED.

When the news of the defeat of General Baragieri and the Italian army at Adowa, some years ago, reached the General's sister at Milan, she was so affected by her brother's disgrace that she lost her reason, and was put under restraint. On the recent anniversary of the battle she escaped from her guardians, and drowned herself in a canal. She was a beautiful woman, rich, and charitable, and her sad end has revived painful reminiscences of the disaster.

## ARE THEY COMING TO CLOSE QUARTERS AT LAST?



Russian and Japanese mounted scouts have had an encounter near Ping-yang. After a brief skirmish the Russians retreated, and there were no casualties on either side.

### RECIPE FOR A ROYAL DISH.

His Majesty Partial to Frog's Legs in Aspic.

It is within the reach of anyone who can cook moderately well to turn out the favourite dish of his Majesty King Edward VII.

It consists of the legs of frogs, cooked in a peculiar way. The King is intensely fond of this dish, and always asks for it, wherever he is.

Only the back legs of a particular kind of frog are used. These little animals are extensively cultivated in France for culinary purposes, and are esteemed a great delicacy, the flavour resembling the most tender spring chicken.

The method of cooking preferred by his Majesty was invented by Maitre Escoffier, the chef of the Carlton, and his first lieutenant, Mr. Alexandre Gastaud, kindly explained the process to a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative.

You take the legs of the frogs and fold them across one another in a circle, then stew them gently in white wine with paprika pepper. This will give you a beautiful pink gravy. You add a

little white cream sauce, place your frogs in a silver dish surrounded with aspic jelly, let them grow cold, and pour the sauce over each little circle and serve cold.

The effect of the dish is extremely dainty and fascinating, and the name his Majesty christened it was Nymphes a l'Aurore.

The frogs are quite easy to procure in London. Any French purveyor in Soho can supply them. I might mention at the same time, continued Mr. Gastaud, his Majesty is extremely fond of good quality foie gras. We are constantly supplying him with it, as we make a point of getting the pick of the market.

### WEDDING GROUP AS EVIDENCE.

Charles Owen Ivill, thirty, a caterer, was before the magistrate at Westminster yesterday in respect of a confession of bigamy and a charge of obtaining £50 by false pretences.

A young woman who went through a second marriage with a prisoner when he was a valet in Paris two years ago produced in evidence a cabinet photograph of the bridal party on the wedding morn.

Ivill was sent for trial.

### WAR IN THE ALPS.

"Russians" and "Japanese" Fight Fiercely in Switzerland.

A pitched battle has taken place in a vineyard at Ouchy, near Lausanne, between Russia and Japanese partisans (writes our Geneva correspondent). The Russians were beaten by an overwhelming force, and were retreating when the police arrived, and put an abrupt end to the battle by arresting the ringleaders.

The proprietor of the vineyard might well represent Korea. His property was wrecked, and his vines levelled to the ground, and he is claiming heavy damages.

Except for some bruises, nobody was hurt, but as public opinion among the young Swiss runs high, the police have taken precautions to prevent a repetition of the affair.

Acknowledgments should have been made to Mr. Francis Barrand for our parody of his clever poster, "What is it master likes so much?" in our issue of March 4.



# YESTERDAY'S LAW AND POLICE.

## EMBARRASSED CANDIDATE.

**How Importunate Creditors Hampered Mr. Clery's Movements at Deptford.**

That genial Irishman, Mr. W. E. Clery, who has been delighting Mr. Justice Darling's Court with some of the choicest specimens of his national wit, yesterday failed to win his slander action against Mr. Nevill. The jury decided that the latter gentleman was "privileged" when he gave it as his opinion that Mr. Clery—owing to difficulties with his creditors—was not a suitable person to represent Deptford in Parliament.

It was these difficulties with creditors that formed the text of the most entertaining part of yesterday's very entertaining proceedings.

Mr. F. W. Galton, legal secretary of the Deptford Liberal and Radical Association, was put into the witness box by Mr. Gill, K.C., on Mr. Nevill's behalf, and gave the Court a detailed account of the very embarrassing part that creditors played in Mr. Clery's election campaign.

"When the word went forth," he said, "that Mr. Clery was to lead the Radical forlorn hope in Deptford, a number of strangers made their appearance at the offices of the Liberal and Radical Association. These strangers showed much interest in Mr. Clery's address—the place where he lived, not his manifesto to the constituency."

Mr. Galton did not recognise the inquirers as electors, and he afterwards found that they were gas bill collectors, water rate men, and such-like people.

### A Most Persistent Visitor.

Mr. Clery's place of abode was naturally not divulged, and most of the visitors had to content themselves with the assurance that letters would be forwarded to him. One visitor was so persistent, however, that he followed Mr. Galton up to the City. Here he buttonholed Mr. Galton, and showed him a letter—a letter written on National Liberal Club paper. In it Mr. Clery requested that he should be supplied with "two tons of the best coal."

"I shouldn't have minded so much," said the debt collector, "if it hadn't been the best coal."

But the most serious inconvenience—both to Mr. Clery and the Radical Association—was caused when the creditors attended meetings promoted to further Mr. Clery's candidature. They used to attend at the platform entrance of the halls where Mr. Clery was to appear. The result in many cases was that Mr. Clery did not appear. His popularity kept him away.

The association passed a resolution accordingly pointing out how detrimental these absences were to his prospects, and Mr. Clery wrote offering apologies.

These apologies did not satisfy the association. They made inquiries, which resulted in Mr. Clery being invited not to contest the constituency any further.

Mr. Clery: Did it not strike you as strange that these people should come all the way to Deptford to find me?

Mr. Galton (reflectively): No. The Kent district water rate man often had business there, and the collector of arrears employed by the gas company would be near his head office in Mill-lane, Deptford.

### Changing the Subject.

Mr. Clery, continuing his cross-examination, deftly changed the subject from water rates to politics. "Are you a Home Ruler?" he somewhat abruptly asked.

Mr. Galton explained smilingly that he could not answer that question by a plain "Yes" or "No." "But if the Court will listen to me for half an hour," he continued blandly, "while I explain my position, I shall be delighted to give a complete answer."

Whereat the Court laughed hugely, but did not invite Mr. Galton to proceed.

Mr. Clery: You are a Liberal Imperialist, are you not? There is money behind it. Home Rulers have no money.

Mr. Galton: You are very rude. After a little discussion on the pecuniary resources of the respective sections of the Liberal Party, during which the Judge pointed out that Mr. Clery was making a great reflection on many estimable Liberals, the latter directed Mr. Galton's attention to the final scene in the drama of his candidature—the evening when the Liberal 200 of Deptford meeting in solemn convulsion, decided that it would be in the best interests of Deptford Liberalism for Mr. Clery to withdraw.

"Was I present on that occasion?" asked Mr. Clery, with one of his most winning smiles.

### Barricaded Out.

"No, you were not," retorted Mr. Galton, and he went on to explain that, with a force of twenty men and the help of a barricade, he succeeded in keeping Mr. Clery out of the conclave.

Mr. Clery (crushing): Is it customary in Deptford for the party to prevent their candidate from being present at a meeting?

Mr. Galton (sneering): Well, we don't usually have such a candidate.

Mr. Clery joined in the general laughter that followed with as much heartiness as if the laugh had been on his side.

Before he sat down he paid a graceful compliment to Mr. Justice Darling, who once represented the constituency in Parliament, by remarking that Deptford had many excellent members.

During the course of yesterday the eloquent plaintiff dropped a hint that other slander actions connected with affairs in which he is interested are pending, so that it may happily turn out that the Law Courts will enjoy some more of his piquant wit.

The Marquis of Anglesey, at Newport Pagnell County Court yesterday, was ordered to pay £45 and costs for damages caused by his motor-car to two bullocks.

When Gertrude Stanberg, eighteen, was before the Lord Mayor yesterday on a charge of attempting suicide by taking poison in St. Katherine Coleman's Church, City, she promised to go into a home, and was discharged.

## EX-M.P.'S DEATH.

**Suspensions of Foul Play Entirely Without Foundation.**

In Westminster Coroner's Court yesterday the circumstances attending the death of Mr. Sewall Evelyn Shirley, formerly M.P. for county Monaghan, were investigated. Mr. Shirley, who was fifty-nine years of age, had extensive property in Warwickshire, was a Justice of the Peace for that county, and among other positions filled that of president of the Kennel Club.

He had been paying a visit to London and was staying at the Hotel Windsor in Victoria-street. Miss Maud Andersen, living in Manchester-street, W., told the coroner that on Monday evening Mr. Shirley called upon her. While they were chatting together in the drawing-room he seemed to become faint. She gave him vinegar to revive him, and sent for a doctor. Afterwards Mr. Shirley was placed in a cab and dispatched to his hotel in company with three men.

This witness stated that Mr. Shirley did not fall while in her house, and that she saw no signs of injuries. A police officer also informed the coroner that there were no indications of violence. Dr. Allen Asher, who was called to the house in Manchester-street, said that he found Mr. Shirley apparently suffering from apoplexy. When he tried to obtain an ambulance from the police station, he was told that it could only be lent in a case in which criminal proceedings were likely to ensue, and, in consequence, he had to place Mr. Shirley in a cab.

Dr. Freyberger, the London County Council pathologist, showed that Mr. Shirley's death was due to natural causes, the immediate cause being



MR. W. E. CLERY, ex-chairman of the Fawcett Association of Post Office Employees, and formerly labour candidate for Deptford, known to the dramatic world as "Austin Fryer," who conducted his own case with great spirit against Mr. E. T. Nevill.

pressure of blood on the brain. Mr. Shirley had been suffering also from chronic Bright's disease.

The Coroner, referring to the sensational reports concerning Mr. Shirley's death which at first were circulated, said the evidence had clearly shown that there had been no violence at all. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical evidence.

## IRRESPONSIBLE MOTORING.

Chaos reigned supreme early yesterday morning in the Edgware-road, and a motor-car in charge of a drunken driver was the cause of it. The motor, recently purchased by Mr. Gordon, an Albany-street resident, had been entrusted to the care of a young man named Henry Sewell.

The latter decided upon an excursion with four friends. Journeying along Edgware-road the vehicle came into collision with a four-wheeled cab containing six persons. It leapt into the side of the cab, which was overturned, the motor sharing a similar fate. Two policemen, quickly on the scene, had great difficulty in stopping the motor-car's engine, and both were somewhat hurt.

About a dozen persons complained of injury, though in no case was this serious. Sewell, when brought before the Marlborough-street Police Court magistrate, expressed his sorrow for what had happened, and was sentenced to one month's hard labour.

## SOUTHEAST BEACH MYSTERY.

The South-east coroner held an inquest yesterday on Mary Ann Alice Johnson, who was found dying on South-east beach last Wednesday evening by a gunner from the Royal Garrison at Shoeburyness. The girl left her home in Clerkenwell on Wednesday afternoon. The mother told the coroner that she was at a loss to understand why her daughter had gone to South-east.

There was lunacy in the family, Mrs. Johnson's father and the father of her husband having both been confined in lunatic asylums. Death was due to poisoning by spirits of salts. Strangely enough there was no sign of acid on the girl's lips or tongue.

The jury returned a verdict of Suicide whilst temporarily insane.

## "POODLES" NURSE.

**Strange Development Follows a Child's Disappearance.**

There was a further stage reached yesterday in the Norbiton nurse and child mystery—a mystery which has excited a deal of interest. It commenced with the sudden disappearance on February 22 from the home of Mr. Charles Spencer Rolfe, of Dudley House, Norbiton, of one of his children, known as "Poodles," and the nurse, together with bank-notes to the value, it was said, of £114.

Mr. Rolfe advertised a reward of £100 for information as to the whereabouts of the nurse and of anyone presenting any of the notes. Subse-



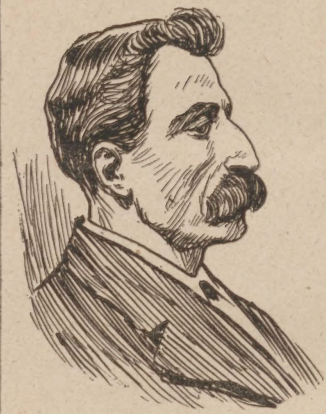
MR. GALTON, secretary of the Deptford Liberal and Radical Association, gave some humorous evidence in the Clery case yesterday.

quently he procured a warrant and had the nurse arrested at Brighton.

Before the Kingston-on-Thames magistrates, Mary Davis, aged thirty, described as a spinster, of no occupation, of Lemney House, sailing-parade, Brighton, was charged with feloniously stealing four £20 Bank of England notes and one £10 note, £24 in gold and silver, together with a quantity of jewellery and wearing apparel value £50, the whole being of the total value of £164, the property of Charles Spencer Rolfe.

The accused, tall, and of prepossessing appearance, was attired in a neat navy blue tailor-made costume. When the charge was read over to her she replied "I did not."

Police evidence only was taken, Detective-sergeant Barrell deposing to arresting accused at Brighton at ten o'clock the previous night. On the warrant being read the accused said: "I have an absolute answer to the charge." Eight bank-notes were handed over to him by the Brighton



MR. E. J. NEVILL, an Irishman, a compatriot of Mr. Clery, a fellow member of the Fawcett Association and defendant in the action which produced so much laughter in Mr. Justice Darling's court.

police, but only two corresponded to the numbers mentioned in the charge. Defendant said that they were her own property, as was also the money, and she showed the detective her bank-book.

The defendant was then remanded, bail being allowed.

Counsel for the prisoner stated that there would be an extraordinary state of things disclosed when the case was further gone into. He said people would scarcely believe that such a state of things could exist.

Throughout the proceedings no mention whatever was made of the child, "Poodles."

## SUICIDE'S HAND.

Seeing a woman's hand showing above the water of the canal in Regent's Park, Edwin Wolveredge plunged in and tried to drag the woman out, but he stuck in the mud and was with difficulty rescued.

The woman, eventually taken from the water, exclaimed: "For God's sake let me die. I am tired of life." She was taken to the infirmary, where she died. At the inquest yesterday her name was said to be Lily Smith, aged twenty-six, but her occupation and address were unknown. A verdict of Suicide was returned, the coroner praising Wolveredge's plucky conduct.

## THE WITNESS'S BLUSH.

**Music-hall Sketch To Which Bashful Exception Was Taken.**

"Purgatory" is the title of a music-hall sketch which has been occupying the attention of Judge Edge at Clerkenwell County Court. This sketch was recently produced by Mr. Rollo Balmain, proprietor of a Walthamstow theatre, at Collins's Music Hall, Islington. After the first night performance the manager of the music-hall refused to allow any further production, giving as his reason that exception was taken to the nature of the sketch, some of the audience having openly expressed their disapproval.

As the outcome of the manager's action Mr. Balmain seeks to recover £21 as salary due to him and £50 also for an alleged breach of agreement.

The members of the audience whose susceptibilities were offended chiefly objected to one of the principal characters, Pearl Vallette, whose "beauty is pestilence," according to the description of Father Sebastian, a monk. The chief scene is between these two at a Franciscan priory, where the woman visits the monk and reveals herself as an acquaintance of former days. She discards her veil and cloak and appears before Father Sebastian in a low-cut dancing dress.

### Blushing at Fifty-eight.

One of the audience on the night in question was Henry John Stowe, a florist, who did not approve of the play at all.

Counsel: Did you observe what effect it had on the stalls?—The young people near me were all blushing. I felt very uncomfortable—in fact I tilted.

Judge Edge: How old are you?

Witness: Fifty-eight.

Judge Edge: It was what would have been a blush in your earlier years. (Laughter.)

Replying to Mr. Slater, witness said he had seen "Zaza," but that did not make him blush. He went to music-halls occasionally.

Have Vesta Tilley's songs ever made you blush?

No.

Or Harry Randall's?—No; his songs are funny, but not objectionable.

Mrs. Ellen Tibb, another member of the audience, described the piece as blasphemous and the dress worn by Pearl Vallette as perfectly disgusting.

Counsel: Would "Purgatory" be likely to demoralise you? That is a peculiar question to ask.

Well, your husband has said that he could not be demoralised—But he is a man and I am not. He is my second husband.

After the evidence had been concluded, Judge Edge announced that he would take time to consider his decision.

## RUSTICS' REMINISCENCES.

**Recalling the Diversions of an Officer Who Juggled on Parade.**

The edifying dive into the times of fifty years ago that the Probate and Divorce Court has been taking during the last few days was continued yesterday.

The crux of the matter that is under consideration is: "Was Mr. James Taylor, who made a will leaving his money to his sister, Mrs. Hargrave, in 1850, to the exclusion of his brothers, mad when he made the said will?"

There is no doubt that Mr. Taylor subsequently went mad, for when he died last year he had been spending the last four decades in a lunatic asylum.

Here are some of the facts alleged by Mr. Taylor's brothers in support of the theory that Mr. Taylor was mad before and at the time he made the will as well as afterwards.

1. Mr. Taylor, when he was a lieutenant in the Army, used to throw up five notes at a time and juggle with them for the amusement of his men when on parade.

2. When a private failed to salute Mr. Taylor he ordered him to the guard-room to have his head shaved.

3. Mr. Taylor, during his residence at the village of Sale, in Cheshire, used to walk along the high road at night clad in nothing but his night-shirt.

4. He was a man of such tenderness of heart that he once changed clothes with a destitute scarecrow.

### Bad Memories.

Some of the agricultural witnesses brought from Sale to the Divorce Court to testify to events which they said happened in the first half of the last century were almost as funny as their reminiscences.

One old gentleman, whose weather-beaten face was eloquent of many ploughings and harvests, was asked by Mr. Deane, K.C., whether he was quite certain that he had not mixed up his own reminiscences with those of ancient agriculturists.

"You are all staying together in some hotel now, I suppose?" said the K.C. "Don't you chat together of an evening over a pipe?"

The Ancient Agriculturist (dismally): I doant use a pipe.

Mr. Deane: What are your diversions?

The Ancient Agriculturist: Oi loikes a suck o' beer. (Sympathetic laughter.)

Though telling different stories about what took place on beams and in canals, etc., fifty years ago, almost all the ancient agriculturists had one point in common. They none of them could remember when they were married—to the great amusement of the Court.

The case was again adjourned.

In the King's Bench Division yesterday Mr. E. J. Nevill was awarded £250 damages against Miller's Karri and Jarrah Forests, Limited, and a Mr. Green, for libel. The plaintiff is a wood-pavior, and the defendants wrote to the Marylebone County Council stating that streets laid by him were in a rotten condition.



FROM THE BRILLIANT BURLESQUE BALLET AT THE EMPIRE.



"High Jinks" is a gay frolic. The story is laid in a country house at Christmas, where an amateur burlesque of "Faust and Marguerite" is organised to pass the time. Milc. Gence, who stands in the centre of our picture, has every opportunity as Marguerite, and makes quite a little sensation. Milc. Zanfretta as Faust, and Miss May Paston as the nurse, add to the strength and popularity of the show.

Photo by

Wendham & Banfield.

AMUSEMENTS.

**HAYMARKET.** TO-DAY, at 3 and 9.  
JOSEPH ENTANGLED. By Henry Arthur Jones.  
Preceded, at 2.30 and 8.20, by THE WIDOW WOOD.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.30.  
By Mr. NEWB WALLER.

**HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**  
Proprietor and Manager, Mr. TREE.  
TO-DAY, at 2.15, and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.  
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.  
THE DARLING OF THE GODS.  
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, 2.15.  
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily 10 to 10.

**IMPERIAL THEATRE, Westminster.**  
TO-DAY, at 3, and EVERY EVENING, at 9.  
MATINEE TO-DAY AND EVERY SATURDAY, at 3.  
By Sydney Grundy.  
A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE.  
At 8.15 A QUEEN'S MESSENGER.

**ST. JAMES'S.—Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER.**  
TO-DAY, at 2.15 and 8.30, in  
OLD HEIDELBERG (22nd and 22nd times).  
LAST 3 NIGHTS.  
LAST MATINEE TO-DAY (Saturday) at 2.15.  
March 17.—Production of LOVE'S CARNIVAL.

**POLYTECHNIC Popular Entertainment,**  
QUEEN'S HALL, TO-NIGHT, at 7.45.  
Artistic-Violet Lindlow. May Peters, Edna Thornton,  
Hester Grover, Maudie James. Recital—Maudie Wrightson.  
Dulcimer. Xylophone Solos—W. Hayward. Mimoses Sketch-  
White Cusins. Ventrioloquist Interlude—Tom Edwards.  
Lecture on "Radium." W. Hibbert, F.R.S., A.M.I.E.E.  
March 19. Annual Irish Festival. Grand array of talent.  
Numbered reserved seats. 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., obtainable  
309, Regent-street.

PERSONAL.

WANTED to purchase, volumes of the "Weekly Dispatch,"  
for each year from 1891 to 1913 inclusive, and for the  
years 1825 and '26, and 1869, '70, and '71.—Address Mr.  
"Daily Mail" Office, Carmelite House, E.C.

**LATEST SENSATION!—METAL MOUTHCASE TRAINER.**—The perfect, instantaneous Metal Mouthcage Trainer, simple in case to fit without pain.  
Is, i.d., post free.—The Emperor Perfect Mouthcage Trainer (Patented), 11, Queen Victoria-street, London, E.C. Agents and Travellers wanted.

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The Daily Illustrated Mirror.

SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1904.

GUARANTEED DAILY CIRCULATION  
EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES.

OUR SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS  
BRING QUICK RETURNS.  
See Pages 15 and 16.

"A HOUSE DIVIDED."

The information from St. Petersburg which we publish this morning (after having satisfied ourselves that it rests upon a substantial basis of accuracy) is a remarkable confirmation of our view expressed at the beginning of the war that Russia's internal troubles would soon be in evidence.

It appears that a number of the Tsar's secret service agents, many of them women, have been deliberately supplying false information in the interests of the "social revolution," which Liberals, as well as Nihilists, are so anxious to provoke. Our correspondent is inclined to accept the statement made to him by a high official that these misleading reports were a direct cause of Russia's being caught napping upon the outbreak of war. Whether this is so or not, the situation is certainly a dangerous one for the Tsar's advisers, who cannot tell whom to trust.

In other ways, also, the Revolutionaries are showing their activity—so much activity, in fact, that in the capital people are becoming very nervous. As our Kiev correspondent shows to-day, no one is safe from the suspicion of being a Nihilist, not even men who are well-known in their own districts to be most devotedly loyal. It bodes ill for Russia that she should be, even at this crisis in her fortunes, a house divided against herself. At the same time, no decent person can feel anything but contempt and detestation, for

men and women who would betray their country in her hour of need.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE.

Not unnaturally the cheap sarcasm of Dr. Bernard Hollander in recommending marriage as an infallible cure for love has aroused the anger of a number of happily-married men and women. As one of them observes on another page, this is just the sort of thing that might be expected to amuse the phrenologists to whom Dr. Hollander delivered his address. It is a pity no one at the meeting thought of quoting Ruskin's words on this subject. Discussing the view of those who held that love could not last long after marriage, that great teacher asked:—

Do you not see how ignoble this is, as well as how unreasonable? Do you not feel that marriage—when it is marriage at all—is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into uniting service, and of fitful into eternal love?

The feeling of affection that exists between a husband and a wife whose natures are in harmony is certainly not quite identical with that which fills those who are in the spring of love. But there is generally enough of the fiery torch of passion left to kindle the quieter glow of the domestic hearth, and it is happily only in exceptional cases that the constant intercourse of married life has power to kill the love which led to it.

BREAKFAST TABLE TALK.

It was certainly high time that the ventilation of the House of Commons was overhauled. Only the other day Ministers complained of feeling a draught.

A St. Petersburg telegram denies that there has been any engagement between the Vladivostok fleet and the Japanese. They have not even been seen walking out together.

A fox-terrier which strayed upon the South-Eastern line at Penge had its leg cut off by an express train. It is obvious that the unfortunate animal and the S.E. "flyer" must have been travelling in opposite directions.

It was stated in evidence at Westminster Coroner's Court yesterday that the police would not allow their ambulance to be used to take a dying man to the hospital unless

there was a suspicion of crime in the case. A ratepayer, or even a non-ratepayer, who is dead drunk, however, has a claim to the use of this rate-supported institution.

Admiral von Tirpitz, of the German Navy, described battleships as the kernel of a fighting fleet. The Japanese might retort that torpedo-boats may be regarded as the nut-crackers.

**THE INCOMPLETE BACHELOR.**  
Unfortunately, most men find that by some mysterious process they receive back old articles for the new ones sent to the wash."—*Daily Mail*.

I am an honest bachelor, but here I wear beneath these clothes of smart design Some linen which is not, it would appear, Mine.

This shirt but lately was some other chap's, Which now has somehow fallen to my lot; Perhaps it was some earl's or duke's, perhaps Not.

To-day it almost crumbles at a touch, The button-holes are frayed, the cuffs are torn, Whoever wore it, truly it was much Worn.

This collar surely must have been the pride Of some particularly hard-up scamp, Some corner loafer, or some dandified Tramp.

And there are things my catalogue among Of which, perhaps, 'tis better not to speak, Lest I might cause a blush upon some young Check.

My laundress skilfully and subtly plans, To garments that are new she fondly clings, And clothes me weekly in some other man's Things.

So shall these shabby strangers come unsought, Until the dismal day when I am dead; Or—what is possibly a brighter thought—Wed.

We have heard of the "X" rays and the "N" rays, and now we are told that there are "Ni" rays, which seem to be remarkable for nothing in particular. We shall expect soon to have announced to us the discovery of the "No" rays, which are so entirely inert that they cannot be observed by any known scientific method.

Apropos of this we note that Professor Charpentier, of Nancy, states that the thumb held against the side of the nose is a good emitter of the "N" rays. We do not dispute the statement, but the very attitude is suggestive of scepticism on the part of the experimenter.



# THE GUARANTEED CIRCULATION OF "THE DAILY ILLUSTRATED"

## QUEEN'S LATEST PORTRAIT.

Facts About Mr. Hughes, Who Painted It.

Future generations will owe much to the art of Mr. Edward Hughes, the celebrated portrait-painter, whose painting of the Queen in her Coronation robes formed such a pleasing gift to the King on the forty-first anniversary of his wedding.

Wales, and which was afterwards exhibited at Agnew's Gallery, and by the King's special desire at the Guildhall, is preferred by the Royal Family to the efforts of any other artist. Among the famous sitters to Mr. Hughes are the Duchesses of Montrose, Devonshire, Leinster, and Dudley, Princess Isabel D'Orleans, Lady Lubbock, with her little son; Lady de Trafford, the Marchioness of Worcester, Lady Helen Vincent, and the Princess of Wales, and the two Royal Princesses Victoria and Maud. Mr. Hughes's art, too, has long been recognised in America, and there is scarcely a famous American beauty who is not indebted to him for a portrait. His early work

### ARTIST HONoured BY THE QUEEN.

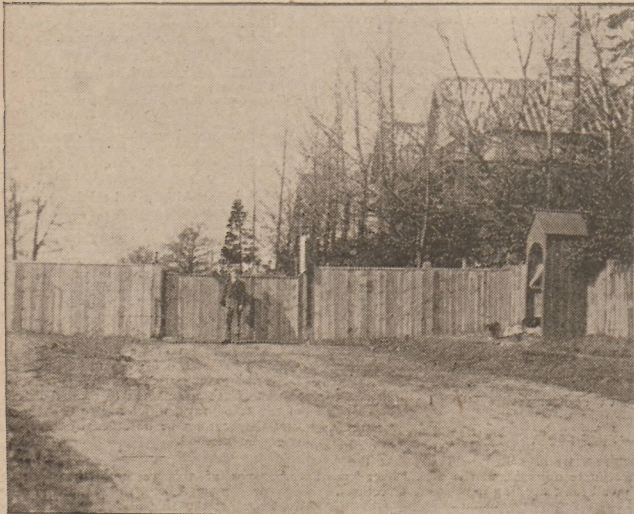


Mr. Edward Hughes, the society artist, who painted the portrait of Queen Alexandra, presented by her Majesty to King Edward as a souvenir of their forty-first wedding day. (Photo by Alice Hughes.)

"Very many people can paint a man," said Sir John Millais, "but very few can paint a lady; and Hughes can." Those who know Mr. Hughes's work will appreciate this verdict. He has shown over and over again that the great painter was right in his criticism. All that is lovely in famous femininity of the present generation has been charmingly portrayed by Mr. Hughes's brush. The Queen has sat for him five times, and it is well known that the portrait he painted of her in 1896, when she was Princess of

York—the present Princess of Wales—which led the was far removed from portraiture. His first picture was hung in the Academy when he was fifteen years of age, and he had many similar successes before he made a speciality of portrait painting. It was chance which led him in the direction in which he has achieved fame. A commission for a portrait from a famous American beauty led to instant recognition of the rare talent that was in him, and from the moment the portrait appeared in Agnew's Gallery commissions flowed in unceasingly. It was his success with a portrait of the Duchess of

### REVIVING OLD TIMES.



A tollgate has just been erected in Abercorn-road, Finchley, a private road which is much used by traffic. For years the road has been free, but as it now needs repairing the owner has had this modern structure erected to replace one torn down by "active resistors."

## PATRIOTIC IRISH PEERESS.



Every year to celebrate St. Patrick's Day the beautiful Countess of Limerick gives away a quantity of real shamrock to keep green the memory of Erin's patron saint. (Lefeville.)

then Princess of Wales—now Queen Alexandra—to sit to him for her portrait. Curiously enough, he had been given an appointment by the present Queen many years before, but it had been indefinitely postponed. His experiences in painting her Majesty's portraits Mr. Hughes admits to be the most pleasant of his career. Painting children is to Mr. Hughes one of the chief delights of his art. They make such original sitters, he declares,

A. Conan Doyle; Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; Mr. E. J. Gregory, R.A.; Mr. Arthur Morrison, Major W. P. Drury, Mrs. E. Nesbit, and Mr. Robert H. Sherard.

### MR. JOHN FLOWER "OUTSIDE."

Although yesterday's papers contained an advertisement announcing that Mr. John Flower, whose connection with the Whitaker Wright case is well-known, had started business as an outside broker, yet his many friends are still hopeful that before long his firm may be reinstated on the Stock Exchange.

It is stated that the "House" has decided against Mr. Flower's reinstatement, but, as a matter of fact, the question of his re-election has never been before the committee. It is probable that "Rule 19" will be applied to his case.

By this rule three-fourths of a committee of twelve may decide on his re-election, even though other rules of the "House" bearing on the case are not complied with.

### UNIVERSITY POSTAL PRIVILEGES.

The "Stamp Collectors' Fortnightly" is publishing a series of papers by the Rev. Hayman Cummings on the college stamps of Oxford and Cambridge. It is not generally known that the privileges of the Universities in the matter of letter carrying were covered by Acts of Parliament, never



P.C. GEORGE GUNNER, the plucky City policeman, who dived off Blackfriars Bridge into the Thames a few days ago in the attempt to save a suicide, is just out of hospital.

and enjoy so much having their portraits painted. Women, he believes, always look best in pale colours, notably in soft flowing white draperies. Mr. Hughes has made two copies of his picture of the Queen in her Coronation robes. "One of these the Queen will take with her on her forthcoming visit to Denmark, to present to the King of Denmark. The other is intended for India, and will be bestowed on one of the native royalties."

### A MAGAZINE OF HUMAN INTEREST.

A particularly attractive number of the "London Magazine" has just made its appearance. It contains a brilliant story by Robert Barr; a comparison of the Army methods of England, France, and Germany, by Horace Wyndham; a thoughtful article on the reform of youthful criminals, by Major Arthur Griffiths, illustrated by unique photographs taken at Dartmoor by special permission, and a set of very fine illustrations depicting the society woman's quest of beauty. Other contributors are the Premier, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir



The Members of Parliament complained of the dirty state of the crossing from Westminster Abbey to the House: now a State sweeper keeps it clean for them.

yet repealed. Though thirty years only have elapsed since the University postage stamps were in daily use, it is safe to say that a very large proportion of the 3,000 present-day undergraduates in Oxford every term never even heard of such a thing as a college postage stamp.



When a spy is taking dispatches that may be dangerous.

### DRIVER BLAMED

Lieut.-Colonel Yorke's Trade on the collision of 5, at Penrith Station, Western Railway, was case the 8.10 p.m. goods train became divided Penrith Station, and the

### FOOTB



In a charity match, got Park on Thursday, C

station improperly stop train, causing the rear collision with it, with the were wrecked, and one on the up line. At that sleeping-car train from the place and collided with the foul of the up line express remained on



# DAILY ILLUSTRATED MIRROR" EXCEEDS 140,000 COPIES PER DAY.

CAUGHT!—JAPANESE SOLDIERS SEARCHING A CAPTURED RUSSIAN SPY.



When a spy is taken by the enemy in war he is treated with ignominy as a criminal, and is lucky indeed if he escapes being shot. First he is searched thoroughly for any dispatches that may be concealed on his person, then cross-examined for what he may know of the movements of the opposing forces. In the old days he would have been cruelly tortured.

## DRIVER BLAMED FOR COLLISION.

Lieut.-Colonel Yorke's report to the Board of Trade on the collision that occurred on December 5, at Penrith Station, on the London and North Western Railway, was issued yesterday. In this case the 8.10 p.m. goods train from Liverpool to Carlisle became divided as it was approaching Penrith Station, and the driver on reaching the

was overturned and all the coaches were derailed. No passengers were hurt, but the driver of the express was burnt and scalded and the fireman bruised and shaken.

Colonel Yorke says it is evident that the disaster was due to the action of driver Cartwright in stopping the front portion of his train in Penrith Station after he had received information from Keswick Junction signal-box that his train was

## ART CONNOISSEUR'S HORSE WINS.



Mr. Chas. Wertheimer's gelding, Red Ruby, which won a championship at the Thoroughbred and Hunter Show.

## FOOTBALL IN AID OF A WAR MEMORIAL.



In a charity match, got up by Colonel Simpson for the Mayor of Islington's War Memorial Fund, at Tufnell Park on Thursday, Cambridge University beat an Army eleven. The undergraduates played a smart game, and took full advantage of many fine openings.

station improperly stopped the first portion of the train, causing the rear portion to come into violent collision with it, with the result that several wagons were wrecked, and one or more of them thrown on the up line. At that instant the 1 a.m. express sleeping-car train from Carlisle to London reached the place and collided with the wagons which were foul of the up line. The engine of the express remained on the rails, but the tender

separated. Had he acted with common prudence the collision between the two portions of the goods train would have been averted, or at any rate largely diminished in severity, and the passenger train would have been saved from what was a most perilous situation. The blame must therefore rest on Driver Inkerman Cartwright, who had been on duty about six hours at the time of the occurrence.



The Cambridge forwards played an "intellectual" game and worked smartly together. Most of them will be "up" next season, so the eleven should have an excellent prospect.

ss of Limerick gives Erin's patron saint. (Lafayette).

T. P. O'Connor, M.P.; A.; Mr. Arthur Morrison, Mrs. E. Nesbit, and Mr.

## WER "OUTSIDE."

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## STAL PRIVILEGES.

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ament complained of the issing from Westminster now a State sweeper keeps for them.

h-thirty years only have rity postage stamps were say that a very large present-day undergraduates in even heard of such a thing mp.



# AT A MAN'S MERCY. By META SIMMINS.

Author of "The Bishop's Wife," &c.

"Love's rosy bonds to iron shackles turned  
Are worse than red-eyed hate."

## PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

CYNTHIA GRAHAM: Just a pretty, lovable, English girl.  
ARTHUR STANTON: A young man in love with Cynthia Graham.  
FABIAN GRIEWOOLD: The millionaire lover of Cynthia.  
SIR GEORGE GRAHAM: Father of Cynthia and Pauline Woodruffe.  
PAULINE WOODRUFFE: The beautiful wife of John Woodruffe. She fears her husband owing to her secret marriage with Miles Farnloe.  
JOHN WOODRUFFE: Husband of Pauline. A man who loves his wife because she is beautiful.  
OSWALD DRUMMOND: A very rich connoisseur of precious stones, Cynthia's uncle, who has been mysteriously murdered.  
MILES FARNLOE: A scoundrel who has gone through a luck marriage with Pauline years ago.  
INSPECTOR WRIGHT: Detective interested in the Drummond murder case.

## CHAPTER XIX. Mr. Griewold Makes a Call.

Pauline Woodruffe stood by the fire in the drawing-room with a lowering face. She had been driving with her husband and had just come in, cold and in an abominable temper. She wore a long loose coat of chinchilla faced with violet, and violets rested in rather harsh contrast against the darkness of her hair.

Somehow gloom suited the woman better than mirth; her beauty was sombre, fierce, and compelling. People said she reminded them of a tragic muse by Romney, and Flaxman Wilmot, the French-American artist, who was painting her portrait for the Academy, had summed her up in a felicitous phrase:—"Mrs. Woodruffe is Nelson's Enchantress with the soul of a Saint Catherine of Siena."

She drew off her gloves with a vicious movement that split the delicate kid with a ripping sound.

The world was unendurable she cried fiercely to herself, she had it in her heart to wish that she were dead. The irritation which consumed her took its life from and fed on the shame which stirred ever at her heart; shame at the thing she had done, and fear and remorse at the sight of Cynthia's face.

The girl bore her trouble bravely, only her eyes told their tale of suffering and pain to the eyes that see; and Pauline, accustomed to read every inflection of her sister's voice, felt the burden of her guilt too much to bear.

For one thing she was intensely grateful—Cynthia, with a new-born reserve, refused to discuss her lover or any of the strange circumstances which had led to his arrest.

She rang the bell for tea, and dragging a low chair close to the fire, she crouched down in it, holding out numbed hands to the blaze.

She was physically and mentally cold; sin, like the Ice Queen in the tale, had kissed her on the lips, and sealed her heart with an armour of ice.

She poked the fire viciously, and wished that someone would call. For the first time in her life this woman, who had loved solitude and meditation, hated and feared to be left alone.

As though in answer to her unspoken thoughts, the footman flung the door open and announced "Mr. Fabian Griewold."

Pauline sat upright. Mr. Fabian Griewold was the last possible visitor she desired to see, the last possible person likely to assuage her heart-sickness. But her greeting was graciousness itself, she returned his hand-clasp with a warm pressure of welcome.

"You are better than your word," she told him, and made him draw his chair close to the fire, and threw over him a gratifying veil of delicious teasing. Telling the man who brought the tea that she was at home to no one else that afternoon—"Your visits are like angels' visits, few and far between, and as such to be honoured," she said, with a little quirk which had its source in the last and most unpleasant emotion she would have admitted, even to herself—fear.

"You have not asked me why I have changed my mind," he said, and looked at her with an intension of glance beneath which she felt strangely discomfited.

"I am afraid I was conceited enough to attribute your visit merely to a desire to be sociable," she said, and handed him a cup of tea with a brilliant smile.

He set the cup down on the little Cairo table at his side, and leaned forward in his chair towards her.

"My desire, of course, was to see you," she said, with a bold look.

"Ah—that is as it should be," she retorted briskly, but the glance cast at him between narrowed lids had a sting of hatred in it.

He was not a bad-looking man, his loose-set build had a certain manly attractiveness about it. His hugeness was not a matter of unwieldy adipose tissue, but merely of stature, and bone and muscle. His face was rough-hewn—what the Americans call homely—but there was power in the deep-set, darkly gleaming eyes, placed widely apart, and decision in the curve of the rather thin, pale lips.

**LADIES** who know the attractive value of these thin bits of bust, from whatever cause, my bust and skin food, "Vestralia," will positively tell you it is a lusty in 3 to 5 weeks. Making thick remarkably full and firm, also hollow places in cheeks, neck, etc. As a developer and skin beautifier it is absolutely unrivalled. Even first application makes a wonderful improvement. Quite harmless effect permanent. 10 years' reputation for not satisfied. Address, Mrs. BUCHANAN, 4, Duke-street, Adelphi, London, and at Paris.

"I hope now that you got home safely," he continued. His voice was rather pleasant, there was the faintest hint of an American twang about it; surely an affectation, for Mr. Griewold hailed from North of Berwick; let Scotland have the praise.

"Quite safely—but late for lunch," said Pauline. "John tells me I must give up my labours in Sussex-street, as charity begins at home, and my committees spoil his lunch."

"How drastic! But surely you will never have such severe and unpleasant work there again?" She stared at him, and her hand shook so that the fragile cup rocked in the saucer.

"What—oh, I understand—you mean the Missionary Sub-committee I told you about—No—they only meet once a quarter."

"Missions, was it?" he said, and studied the pattern on his spoon with absorbing interest. "I had a notion it was the Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society."

He raised his eyes and met her startled gaze squarely.

"So gracious, no," she cried, with loud and false emphasis—yet played a bold card. "I've enough to do with prisoners without going outside prisons for them. You know our dreadful trouble, surely?"

"Ah, indeed I know," he returned, with lowered voice, and suitably sympathetic mien. The conversation slackened for a moment. The man and woman stared into the fire.

"Oh, by the way," Griewold said, suddenly, "to come to the real point of my visit. Did you find your key all right when you searched your bag?"

Pauline paled. Fear, which had entered the room with the man's suggestion rather than a presence, grew on the moment to giant proportions, laying cold fingers on her throat.

"The key?" she repeated, harshly. "What key? Yes, yes—I remember. I did find it. It was in the bag all the time. I found it in the cab, and I brought a fool for my pains, after raising so much commotion. And the poor little ragabones of a boy—did he ever get his tip?"

Griewold ignored the question; his expression betokened astonishment.

"You found the key?" he exclaimed. "Well, that's odd—because—because—" sounds made, then it was, but when I got home that morning I discovered that a key had lodged here—"

With a somewhat awkward gesture he indicated the up-turned hem of his grey trousers.

"There!" Pauline followed the direction of his hand, with widely opened eyes, and found refuge from the embarrassment which shook her in a peal of laughter—laughter that had a fatness in it.

He nodded. "Mysterious, eh? How on earth do you account for it?"

"I don't attempt to—it's utterly beyond me. But did you really?" Her laughter choked the words. "It is funny, and seems so—so impossible."

"Not when you think of it?" They were standing close to me, you know; the key fell and lodged in the hem. Quite simple."

"But my key did not lodge there," said Pauline, sharply.

The man shifted his position.

"Are you absolutely certain?" he asked, softly.

"Ladies are so apt to make mistakes, and ladies' pockets—"

"I am perfectly certain," said Pauline, without a flutter of the eyelids.

He laughed, and stood up, leaning his arm on the mantelpiece and looking down at her.

The plot thickens," as they used to say at the Adelphi—who on earth can the key have belonged to?"

"To yourself?" she suggested, with a touch of acerbity.

"No—but here is something stranger still—it's identical with one of mine. Look!"

He slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and fished out two keys, holding them towards her on his broad, brown palm.

Pauline bent her dark head unwillingly, the sight of the things seemed to rivet her eyes.

There they lay, as like as two peas in a pod, as the saying goes, two small, triangular-headed brass keys.

Her lips were dry, she felt she dared not trust herself to speak, but the man's hand was steady as a rock, his deep-set eyes never left her face.

The silence was unendurable. She broke it at last, painfully and with effort.

"This isn't a game?" she asked, "there's no catch—a sort of Chinese puzzle arrangement, is there?"

"He had closed on the keys."

"Everything is a game if you look at it from the right side," he said, significantly. "The discovery of this key, trivial as it seems, is, I find, just a move in a great game, an exciting game, where life and death and honour are the stakes."

Her fingers clenched themselves tightly in the palms, and she felt her heart. "Heaven's!" she exclaimed, "how solemnly you speak. Really, the world is topsy-turvy now, everything is touched with tragedy. Some great black hand seems to have crushed the light and sparkle and gaiety out of my life. Even poor little Jacky upstairs is hushed to sleep by dirges—only this morning I found a nurse crooning 'Days and Moments' to him—he broke off abruptly, with a harsh little laugh."

He looked at her with an expression of decorous sympathy, then turned away and toyed with the pages of a book which lay on a little table near his chair.

"Yes. The spirit of tragedy has been busily employed of late," he said, quietly. "I was distressed beyond measure to hear that poor young Stanton, of Carberry, had been involved in the meshes of the mystery which hangs round my poor friend's death."

"It is too distracting," she murmured, with a gesture of grief, and fell back again in her chair.

"I can't bear to hear it talked of."

"He was very friendly with you, was he not?"

"Very. We were—were almost brought up together, you know."

"Indeed." He shook his head. "It's an incomprehensible thing, but I mean to do my best to help him, poor fellow." He took up the book

he had been toying with, and looked into it for a minute or two. "Well, in the midst of such bad luck, it's strange I've been so positively golden good fortune, and you've been my mascot, Mrs. Woodruffe."

"I?" Her fine brows expressed polite surprise. "Really I'm so universally unlucky that I am afraid it is only your kindness of heart that makes you attribute your good fortune to my age."

"Indeed, no," he said, with a snavity that had a sneer in it. "This happy chance I owe to you alone, I am sure of that, and to you I look for help to work the vein."

"To me?"

He nodded, and leaned forward in his chair. His face seemed uncomfortably near her own; she longed to move, and was afraid.

"It's that key," he began, with a confidential drop in his voice; "the truth is, it has some magic property in it. No, no, please don't interrupt, it isn't playing the game to chip in in a story; just hear it out. It fits a certain cabinet in Sussex-street. I keep some treasure-stones, jewels, a few trinkets and such-like. It's my weakness—I may as well frankly admit it—jewels have a strange attraction for me; I collect them. It was that, indeed, bound me to your poor uncle. We had the taste in common. Well, to make a long story short, when you met me the other day in Sussex-street, I was going down to some rooms I had hired there, at 38. The truth is, a man with a name as well known as mine finds life a bit insupportable at times, and I had taken these rooms in another name so that they mightn't want to lick my boots because they thought I had more money than brains."

"The landlady—at least, I think she's the landlady—thinks I'm a racker, a good-natured beast who's trying to paint London red, and has all a woman's weakness for the species. She gives me a remarkably good run for my money, I consider, and lets my things overflow into the apartments of my fellow-lodger, whom until to-day I only knew as 'the gentleman.'"

While he spoke with a certain somnolence rapidly, his eyes never left the face of the woman who lay back motionless in her rich furs. He granted her an almost grudging heed of praise for her beauty, which was all the greater for the pure pallor of her cheeks and the pained intensity with which the curve of her red lips was set.

"I hope I don't bore you?" he interrupted suddenly with an accent of acute solicitude.

She turned her splendid eyes on him coldly.

"No, indeed—I am interested—I love stories."

"Where was I? Oh, yes, I was telling you of my landlady's preference for black sheep. Well, one of the bits of furniture in my room was a beastly-looking old Dutch bureau. I am the most careless sort of individual breathing, and I had been using it as a receptacle for some of my more recent acquisitions in the jewel line. When I got to the other day, I was just a bit disconnected to discover that during the morning the good woman of the house, evidently deeming this uninteresting looking piece of furniture too good or not good enough for me, had removed it into her other lodger's sitting-room. I was in rather a stew, for there were some really rattling good Meissen ornaments and a few fairly decent diamonds among the trinkets in one of the drawers, and I remembered that I had left the key in it. Therefore I decided to make a call upon my neighbour. He was out. I knocked at the door and went in. The bureau was there right enough, but, to my surprise, the drawers were locked and the key gone."

He paused, as if expecting the woman to make some comment. Pauline had shifted her position. She was sitting forward in her chair now, her hands clasped tightly in her lap, her eyes fixed with gloomy intensity upon the fire.

"I rang for Mrs. Woodruffe, and interrogated her regarding the fate of the key. She denied all knowledge of it, with that defensive air of outraged virtue which is such a distressingly unpleasant feature of her class. Evidently, I said to myself, my fellow-lodger is a more prudent man than I, and retired to my own apartments, feeling out of tune with the world. There," he concluded, with an unmade my strange, sartorial discovery. Mrs. Woodruffe, you look tired to death. I am sure I bore you to distraction."

"Go on," she said, harshly.

He laughed. "I can't tell you how overjoyed I was at finding that key. I felt like a youngster who has discovered an unexpected aspic in the pocket of his first bona fide masculine garments. I hid me to the next room with all speed, meaning to clear the drawers. When I opened it—bless my soul, it gives me a queer sensation now—there, lying on the top of my few gems, was," he paused and swept his tongue over his thin lips with an unpleasant animal movement, "this." He thrust his hand into his pocket, drew out a little inlaid sandalwood box, and pressed a spring.

"What?" In spite of herself Pauline put the question with eagerness.

Without a word he held the box to her; she took it in her hand and looked down with troubled, greedy eyes upon the beauty of the great emerald.

"Isn't it beautiful?" he said, enthusiastically. "Hold it to the fire, see the light on it. Look at the delicious greenness of it, and think of the evil soul of it—that's the miracle you wrought for me, Mrs. Woodruffe; something like a miracle, eh? It was the thing I had dreamed of for so long, and now, unexpected, without effort on my part, it has come to me."

The woman's hand closed tightly on it. "It's not yours?" she said, and the question had a challenge in it.

"Alas, no. There's always a crumpled leaf even in a pad of roses, a confound it. By which turns the ointment to abomination—I am afraid, you know, that the stone was not intended for me at all, but that, like a curse, it had come home to roost under poor Arthur Stanton's roof-tree. The stone, as I happen to know, was the chief ornament of your uncle's somewhat notable collection—that collection which disappeared so mysteriously on the night of the murder."

"Arthur Stanton!" Pauline gave a cry of pain, and put out her hands before her. "Oh, what are you driving at?" she exclaimed. "Why do you come here and wantonly torture me? Don't you know that Arthur is our friend?"

He was a wise man who prayed "God save me from my friends," said Fabian Griewold, senten-

tiously. He stood up, and laid his hand gently on the shrinking woman's arm. "Come, dear lady," he said, with the utmost good humour, "you have made a very good fight for it, but can't you see the game is up?"

To be continued on Monday.

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210.—To heads of Families, Guardians & Shopkeepers. An accumulation of Remnants of Cashmires, Meltons, Beiges, Serges, Flannelstuffs, Cretones, etc., varying from 3 to 6 yards each, in 20-yard bundles. We shall give these away for 27/6 each bundle. Less than half cost.

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Student's Complete WRITING CABINET DESK Oak Shelves, and fitted with valued Writing Centre, finding over Three Compartments with Lock and Key. Ask for Parcel No. 12. Mention paper. With each Cabinet Desk will be PRESENTED Crystal Glass Ink Bottle with Brass Cap, Two very pretty Ivory Fancy Penholders, Nickel-Plated Automatic Pocket Pen, Lead Pencil, Ink and Pencil Eraser. Large 7-inch Red Staining Wax, Pair of Compasses, Mounted Magnifying Glass, and a good supply of Writing Paper, Envelopes, Blotting and Pens. All Goods on Approval. Money returned if not satisfied. Complete Desk and Office Ltd., post free. FRANCIS and CO., Exchange Street, NORWICH.

## To CURE Drunkards.

There is a cure for Drunkenness which has sold its millions into thousands of hitherto desolate homes. It does its work so slowly and surely that while the devoted wife, sister, or brother looks on the drunkard in reclined, even against his will, or without his knowledge or co-operation. This famous remedy has guided many a young man to sobriety and into the high road of fortune, and has saved the father, the brother, and the son.

If you send name and address to the Ward Chemical Company, 111, Century House, Regent Street, London, W., they will post enough of the remedy free to show how it is used in tea, coffee, or food.

Mrs. Gino, Fulham, says: "I am only too thankful my husband never more wishes for intoxicating liquor. I gave him Antidrip in his tea and coffee, and it has quite cured him." With the

## FREE TRIAL

Pocket will be sent books and testimonials from hundreds who have been cured, and everything needed to save those near and dear to you.

DON'T NEGLECT TO WRITE TO-DAY.

## BRINGING BACK THE "ASHES."

## SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHS OF WARNER'S TEAM.

SEE THIS WEEK'S

Illustrated Mail



A SINGER OF "SAMMY."



Miss Maisie Ellinger gives the popular love song every night at the Oxford Music Hall, and the audience join in the haunting refrain. (From a photo by) Ellis & Wakely.

"SAMMY" IN SONG.

Farcical Love Ditty Which is the Latest Rage.

Under the unromantic title of "Sammy" a love song is creating a regular furore in London. Every night it is sung at three popular places of entertainment—the Adelphi and Savoy Theatres and the Oxford Music Hall.

Miss Blanche Ring was the first to introduce the song to London, singing it at the Palace and Tivoli Theatres. When she was forced to conclude her engagement with these halls to take up her part in the "Love Birds" at the Savoy the public clamoured for "Sammy," and "Sammy" they had to have.

One has only to hear Miss Ring sing it once, to see her passionate glances at the occupant of a box

as she sings, "Sammy, oh, oh, oh, Sammy," to want to go right after night.

There is always a stranger in the box, who, unless he has seen the piece, is absolutely unaware of what is coming, and the attempts of some nervous individuals to keep out of sight of the rest of the audience are extremely ludicrous.

One evening Miss Ring sang to a gentleman who evidently had his wife with him. Overcome by the excitement of the song he kept edging nearer and nearer to the stage end of the box, leaving his wife, and at last he whipped out his buttonhole from his coat and flung it to the fair singer, who in return threw him the bunch of flowers she was carrying. Just as he was kissing his hand, his wife, unable to stand it any longer, took him by the ear and led him gently back to his seat, whilst the entire theatre rocked with laughter.

At the Adelphi Theatre Miss Louie Pounds is scoring a tremendous success by her method of singing "Sammy," the box she plays to being booked weeks in advance. It bears the title of the "Sammy box" on the box-office plan.

There is the greatest competition amongst the young men about town to play Sammy to this charming young actress. The flower she throws up

to the box is borne off in triumph to supper, when the fascinating melody is sure to be played, and the chorus taken up by the gay throng, who soon learn a genuine "Sammy" is amongst them.

Miss Maisie Ellinger, at the Oxford Music Hall, scores heavily with it, this large and popular house relishing greatly the comedy with the "Sammy." When, as very often happens, the tenant of the box happens to be a burly countryman up in town on a holiday, who watches the growing interest in his box with astonishment, and at last realises that he is the gentleman so passionately addressed as Sammy, and when his brow,



MISS LOUIE POUNDS, at the Adelphi Theatre, sings nightly the ever-popular "Sammy." (From a photo by the Biograph Studio.)

good-natured face breaks into a broad smile, the delight of the house knows no bounds.

Mr. Barrett, of Messrs. Francis, Day, and Hunter, by whose permission the song is reprinted, told a *Daily Illustrated Mirror* representative, "We have not had a rush like the one that's arisen for 'Sammy' for a long time. Applications from all parts of the country are pouring in for permission to sing it; we can't let everyone, and we must refuse a great many."

"Indignant ladies call and say the song is being thrown away by the present singers. Now, if only they had it, what a song they would make of it."

"Comedians insinuate that as a burlesque they would create an unprecedented furore, and discontentedly go away on being refused."

"Oh, yes; 'Sammy's' come to stay."

AMBULANCES WANTED FOR LONDON.

Of the 118 candidates elected to the London County Council last Saturday 104 have given satisfactory replies to the questions sent by the Ambulance Association, asking each: "If elected to the London County Council, will you interest yourself in securing the establishment, by the Council, of an efficient street service ambulance for London?"

The secretary, Dr. Arthur James, 69, Gloucester-terrace, Hyde Park, W., says there is an excellent system at work in Liverpool, and horse-drawn ambulances summoned by telephone have long proved successful at numbers of provincial towns. In London, however, nearly 70 per cent. of the 10,000 casualties carried to hospitals annually are taken in cabs or carts, and not in ambulances.

OUR WELL-INFORMED KING.

How His Majesty is Kept Posted on All Matters.

It is proverbial that the busiest people have the most time, and this applies equally to the King, who, in spite of every minute of the day being fully occupied, still finds time to keep himself informed on all current topics.

Certain newspapers he, of course, reads for himself, but he takes most of this class of reading at second-hand, and different people keep his Majesty well informed on different subjects.

There is no topic under the sun upon which the King cannot converse fluently and with knowledge. If he is going to dine with someone he is careful to find out what their favourite hobby may be, and gets posted in particulars once, but never again, for he possesses a royal memory for facts as well as for faces.

But public affairs are not the only things with which his Majesty likes to be familiar. While sternly



MISS BLANCHE RING, first introduced "Sammy" at the Palace and Tivoli, and when she went to the Savoy it was brought into her part in the "Love Birds."

discouraging all hints of scandal and gossip, he, nevertheless, is fully aware of all the latest doings in society, and anyone hinting at or mentioning a rumour of any sort, has to give chapter and verse before the King is satisfied.

LODGER WHO EATS CATS.

A foreigner living in Bloomsbury applied to Mr. Marsham at Bow-street yesterday for advice as to how to get rid of his lodger.

Mr. Marsham: What is wrong with him?  
The Applicant: He is too fond of cats. He catches them in Russell-square and kills them.

Mr. Marsham: Why does he do it?  
The Applicant: To eat, sir. He skins them and eats them. The other day he caught two cats and threw their skins out of the window.

Mr. Marsham: I do not see why he should not eat cats if he sees no objection himself, but of course they ought to be his own cats. You had better consult a solicitor if you want him ejected speedily.

CHORUS. Quietly, with well marked rhythm.

"Sath - my, oh, oh, oh, Sam - my, For you I'm  
pin - ing, when we're a - part;  
Sath - my, when you come woo - ing, There's something  
do - ing, a - round my heart. Sam - my,  
oh, oh, oh, Sam - my, Can't live with - out you,  
my dream of joy; Tell me,  
oh, oh, oh, tell me, You're on - ly mine, my  
Sam - my boy, boy."

F & D. 7653.

F & D. 7653.

The chorus of "Sammy" is sung from the stage to a box. Sometimes the occupants do not altogether appreciate the attention shown them and there are funny scenes in consequence.

(Messrs. Francis, Day & Hunter, owners of the copyright.)



# A PAGE OF SPRING FROCKS FOR SMART WOMEN.

## PROMENADE ATTIRE.

### THE FUTURE OF THE SLEEVELESS WRAP.

There are several items of good news to impart concerning the fashions of the moment that are to appear most prominently this spring upon outdoor toilettes. One is that the bolero and the Eton coat are both to remain in fashion; the greatest authorities on the subject have finally decided this vexed question.

The latest edition of the bolero is difficult to differentiate from the Eton coat; indeed, it should be in all verity called an Eton coat rather than a bolero. Fashion, however, is a very independent dame with regard to the titles she bestows upon her toilette adjuncts, and thus it comes to pass that the new Eton, which will be seen in this column, is called the closed bolero. Close it does indeed in front, though it stands out from the figure, as is shown in the illustration, both in front, at the sides, and at the back, and is short enough all the way round to disclose the belt of the blouse.

### The Norfolk Coat at Its Newest.

The suit under consideration might well be carried out in oyster-grey cloth strapped with cloth, and might be worn with a grey or black hat trimmed with grey feathers and bound upon the tricorn brim with silver galon. The bolero in front is decorated with inset pleats of silver tissue, which gleam very prettily beneath bars of the cloth fixed with silver buttons.

Several of the tailors are making a glorified Norfolk coat—one of the pretty temptations they hold before their customers this spring. Englishwomen, like Englishmen, have always bent a favouring eye upon the Norfolk model, which, with its pleats, its basque, and its neat collar, open in front to show a smart stock, has something very practical and withal picturesque about it.

In the third column will be observed a most enchanting development of the Norfolk. The original model was one carried out in nut-brown cloth

trimmed with buttons to match and finished in front with a very narrow vest of chocolate-brown velvet, above which was worn a chemise of pleated chiffon and a brown satin stock. The skirt, of ankle-length, was pleated from the waist downwards and fastened with buttons where the pleats were allowed to flare.

Numbers of most delightful little coats, mantles, and wraps of a nondescript character are being shown in the great London shops. There is certain to be a future before them, and especially it may be prophesied for the sleeveless mantle, which has for a long time, for one reason or another—save in the golf cape form—been relegated to evening affairs, so that it is high time it once more saw the light of day.

Many women will like to have their short, fussy little mantles made of cloth to match their gowns, but there are others who will note the advantage of a mantle that contrasts with their dress, in

## FASHIONABLE DOGS.

### TOY POODLES THE PETS OF THE SEASON.

Toy bulldogs—the uglier the better—Griffons, for a perfect specimen of which £200 was offered and refused at Tattersall's Show last season, Pomeranians and black pugs keep up a high standard of price. Japanese spaniels, black-and-white and fawn-and-white, still command large sums, and it is difficult to procure any at all good for under £100. Puppies, of course, are speculative, and so cheaper, but even they at two months old easily find purchasers at £20 apiece. Pekinese, however,

prohibitive to his adopting the position of drawing-room pet, but lately several lovely little toys, perfect poodles in miniature, have appeared at the



Little mantles of the most fanciful and becoming character are a feature of the moment's modes.

practically the amiable way that silver grey cloth will with a gown of any colour.

In the centre of this page is depicted a charmingly pretty mantle-wrap, made en suite with the gown in a very novel manner. There is a shoulder yoke of cloth, and from it hangs a full supple bolero, doubly gauged round the shoulders. There are full sleeves with cavalier cuffs, filled in with hanging flounces of lace that are sufficiently short to show the mousquetaire ones of the blouse that is worn with the wrap. Delightful would be this idea materialised in puce cloth, trimmed with cords of a darker shade, very delicately touched with bronze threads.

just now are quite up at the top, possibly because there are so very few in England at present, and so those lucky enough to possess any are able to ask a fancy price.

It is said that before very long toy poodles are to be the favourite dogs with the smart, and decidedly they are more decorative than any other breed. What with their ribbons, which can always carry out the colour schemes of their mistress's gown, their gold bangles, and their exquisitely-kept persons, they are singularly adapted to fashionable society. Up to the present a poodle's size has been



A serviceable short-skirted frock, accompanied by a Norfolk coat, is a desirable possession.

shown and carried all before them. They weigh from 8lb. to 12lb., are marvelously intelligent, and promise to be in great request.

## RUTH RAE,

COURT MILLINER,  
48, SOUTH MOLTON ST.,  
GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.



A CHARMING FLORAL TOQUE composed of bunches of violets and foliage most artistically arranged.

Price ONE GUINEA.

Country orders receive prompt attention upon receipt of trade reference or remittance.

RUTH RAE, 48, South Molton Street, W.



The latest version of the bolero and Eton coat is a mixture of both models.

## OUR BRIDGE CORNER.

By ERNEST BERGHOLT.

### AWARD OF FOUR-DAY TOURNAMENT

There appears to have been a good deal of misapprehension among many competitors, who sent in claims for a "correct" solution whenever they happened to make the same number of tricks for each side. The given number of tricks might easily be arrived at—and in many cases was—by a defective mode of play.

♥ ♥ ♥

No one succeeded in playing all four coupons absolutely right. A good many variations were counted as correct in Coupon C; for instance, the opening lead of smallest diamond instead of the ace. On this point, the practice of players is not uniform; against a red declaration, the lead of ace would be more certainly the better. But if a small diamond be led by B, won by A with the king, the diamond should certainly not be returned, as it is at once seen that this would establish the queen for dummy, and most probably enable the dealer

to get a discard. The lead return lead (B not having doubled) would be a heart. If B had doubled, the single trump would be led. One advantage of leading ace from four or more in suit is that you are enabled to inspect the exposed hand before continuing.

When the ten of hearts is led at trick 8, dummy should cover, as the lead might be from Q, 10, 9, etc. It is extraordinary to what an extent solvers allow themselves to be influenced by their knowledge of the location of the cards.

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Coupon D was a stumbling-block to nearly everyone, though a fair number were awarded a proportion of marks. At trick 6 it would be permissible for Z to lead a spade, on the chance of Y's ruffing—though the variation resulting from lead of club should necessarily have been given in a note, since the play of AB is then, in reality, made more difficult.

◇ ◇ ◇

Six competitors obtained an equal number of marks, and tie for first place, their names being given in alphabetical order. Mr. Albert Mayer was awarded a Bridge-box in a previous weekly competition, but, at his own request, was allowed to waive acceptance of the prize, so that he might have a chance in the present tournament.

A cheque for £5 will be sent to each of the five following competitors, Colonel Skinner being equal in merit, but disqualified as a previous prize-winner:—

J. J. Brown, Somerset, Ditton-road, Surbiton.  
B. W. Castello, 7, Park-place, St. James's.  
H. F. Lowe, 6, Manors-gate-road, Kingston-on-Thames.  
Albert Mayer, 38, Rue Mont Thabor, Paris.  
A. Podmore, 2, Palace-road, Sream Hill.  
Col. Skinner, 42, Tisbury-road, Hove, Sussex.

A cheque for £2 to:—

N. D. F. Pearce, Gloucester, Cambridge.

A cheque for £1 10s. to the two following:—  
F. G. Lushington, Fitzroy Lodge, Highgate.  
Mabel de Lissa, 113a, Queen's-gate, London, S.W.

And a Portland Bridge Box to each of the following (Mr. Montefiore being equal in merit but disqualified):—

Mrs. Cumming, Summercourt, Romford, Essex.  
S. Hamilton, 15, Ceres-road, Kingston.  
H. R. Peake, Myrtle Cottage, Buller-row, Stroud, Glos.  
Dr. J. G. Macpherson, Seaford House, Banff, N.B.  
J. H. Roberts, 236, Camberwell-road, S.E.  
E. R. Hughes, 38, Cambridge-road, Southend.  
John Montefiore, 98, Grosvenor-road, S.W.  
Mrs. M. Fuzess, 22, Penbridge-villas, Bayswater.  
Mrs. H. Harris, 117, Maiden Vale, W.  
W. O'Carroll, San Louis, Greystones, co. Wicklow, Ireland.  
Miss Lecky, The Farm, Londonderry, Ireland.

F. E. C. asks about B's lead of trumps at Trick 8 in Coupon D, a matter which, we think, has already been sufficiently explained. A. M. (Paris) sends a singularly unconvincing argument bearing on the same point; which chiefly fails through the assumption that when B leads he can foresee how the opponents will act. Their view of the right course, however, must largely depend upon the distribution of cards between Y and Z; and of this distribution B is ignorant. He plays to take his best chance, and to give YZ the most scope for going wrong.

\*\*\*

"I take this opportunity of thanking you," adds F. E. C., "for your addition to the gaiety of nations, not only by the amusing competitions you provide, but by the charming way in which you demolish the dissatisfied brigade. I hope 'Whistful Novice' will continue to offer himself up as a victim." W. N. has been lately favouring us with correspondence of a more urbane character, and we have agreed, for the present, to bury the hatchet.

♥ ♥ ♥

On Tuesday next we hope to publish the award of the Tenth Weekly Competition.



## OUR SATURDAY SHORT STORY.

## A SET OF TEETH

AND THE TROUBLES THEY CAUSED.

## I.

It is considerably over a year now since the unfortunate events which I am about to relate occurred, robbing the best years of my life of every shadow of romance, and giving my vanity a blow, the sting of which it will take a long time to deaden; but they are as fresh in my memory as if they had happened yesterday.

It was a dark, drizzling afternoon about a week before Christmas. The few people who were about hurried along muffled up to the chin; among them all I seemed to be the only one happy and contented, and I had good reason so to be. It was only a few days ago that the prettiest woman on earth, in my opinion, my own sweet Kitty, had promised to be my wife, and I was now going, with joy at my heart, to buy the token of our mutual love.

I was roused from reflections like these to find myself in a jeweller's shop, with the attendant displaying before me a tray of engagement rings. I chose a very nice one of rubies and diamonds, and slipping it on my little finger I hurried back to my rooms in Regent-street, for I must explain that it was then acting as qualified assistant to an eminent London dentist whose practice was there, and that I occupied the rooms over the professional part of the house.

When I had finished my dinner on the evening in question, I thought I would send off the ring to Kitty, and remembering that I had no jeweller's box, and it, in, I ran down to the surgery to get one of the little white boxes in which we were in the habit of sending away sets of teeth.

While I was there I noticed a new set of teeth which had been finished in a hurry that afternoon, as their owner, a Mrs. Langham, was anxious to have them as soon as possible, so I took them, with another box to send them in, with me upstairs, and making up the two packets, I wrote to Kitty saying how sorry I was that I could not go down to see her for a few days, as my principal had gone for his holiday, and that I hoped she would like the little present I was sending her by the same post, and admire the setting.

I had only just finished this letter, when a chum of mine burst into the room to congratulate me on my good fortune, and said he wanted me to go to the Alhambra with him to see the new ballet. I readily assented, and we chatted away till it was time to start.

Just as we were going out I remembered the two packets, so I sat down again and hurriedly addressed one to Miss Wilson, 11, Fairview-villas, Norwood, and the other to Mrs. Langham in Portland-place; we then went along to Leicester-square, posting my letters on the way.

We had a very jolly evening together, although I was thinking all the time much more of my fiancée than of what was going on on the stage, and when I got back again to my rooms, as I did not feel sleepy, I went to bed, I settled myself in a big armchair before the fire and lit a pipe.

Through the blue cloud which rose from its comforting bowl, I thought I could see the waving hair and dark liquid eyes of the face so dear to me. Even as I looked the rosy lips parted, disclosing two rows of pearly teeth, so white, so beautifully regular, they were perfection.

## II.

The following afternoon I was told that a gentleman wished to see me, and on going downstairs I found the husband of the lady to whom I had sent the teeth the day before, with the box containing them, as I thought, in his hand. Without giving me time even to wish him "Good-afternoon," he burst out hotly:

"By what right other than your own vile impudence do you dare send presents to my wife? But, if it were not for your youth, and I presume, inexperience in all matters of decent behaviour, your most abject apology would not save you from the chastisement you so richly deserve."

I tried to interrupt him, but before I could get a word out he threw the box on the table with a violence that burst it open, rolling Kitty's ring to the floor. What could it all mean? Before I had time to think Mr. Langham went on:

"Take your dirty ring, sir. I shall communicate your behaviour to your principal, and he will then know what steps to take to prevent young snobs like you from ruining his practice in his absence by insulting his patients."

I had evidently made the awful mistake of addressing those two packets wrongly last night, and could quite understand Mr. Langham being annoyed, but his last speech was more than I could stand. Red with anger, I replied:

"After what you have just said, sir, I shall certainly not apologise to you for the mistake I have unfortunately made. Take what steps you like; I am perfectly confident that I can explain it to the satisfaction of Mr. Freeman, my principal."

He seemed to have cooled down while I was saying this, so I told him as quickly as I could how I had sent off the two packets the evening before, and that as they were exactly alike in appearance I had most likely reversed the addresses.

Our interview lasted about ten minutes longer, and ended, I am glad to say, quite amicably. He made me promise to bring his wife's teeth round to

Portland-place myself as soon as I could get them, so that I could tell him the dénouement, which, he said, with a smile, promised to be interesting.

## III.

As soon as Mr. Langham had gone, the full force of the horrible situation struck a chill to my heart. What a fool I had been to address those parcels so carelessly! If my friend had not come in just as I was on the point of sending them off, and interrupted me, all this would not have happened. Oh that he had only come in five minutes later! Sending the ring to Mrs. Langham did not matter much, it had only occasioned a passing squall; but even if it had cost me my place, what was that compared to losing Kitty—my whole life's happiness—by sending her a set of false teeth? Could she possibly look at me again after that? Then a happy thought struck me—my letter, she could see from that it was all a mistake.

No my letter was short and vague. If only I had put the word "ring" in it, it would have been all right instead of that I said that I hoped she would like the setting. Good heavens! I had not only insulted her, I had laughed at her. She would think I referred to her teeth.

If I went to see her I should have the door slammed in my face, or, worse still, should only gain admittance to be kicked out again by her brother. What was to be done? I could not give up Kitty like this, on mere probabilities. Perhaps, by a stroke of luck, she had not yet received those horrid teeth, that had well-nigh ruined me. How I hated them!

Come what might, I must go down to Norwood and see Kitty, or at least try to see her. I must know my fate as soon as possible.

I picked up the ring and slipped it in my pocket. Then, putting on my hat and coat, I went out, and hailing a cabby, told him to drive me as hard as he could to Victoria.

I just got there in time to catch the 4.18 to Norwood, and on arriving at my destination I walked the half-mile between the station and Kitty's home as quickly as I could. When I got to the door, however, my heart seemed to sink into my boots, and it was only by screwing up my courage and making a big effort that I managed to raise the knocker a little way, and let it fall with a gentle tap.

Imagine my surprise when the door opened to see Kitty standing in the hall beaming with smiles to receive me. She could not possibly have received those horrid teeth after all, I thought. Joy paralysed my speech; I folded her in my arms without a word.

It was but short-lived happiness, however, for no sooner had we gone into the drawing-room and seated ourselves together on the sofa than she exclaimed:

"What an old darling you are, Bob, to want to marry me when you knew all the time that I was to wear those nasty false teeth. I ought to have told you myself long ago, but I was afraid of losing you, and I hadn't the courage. Sending me the new set was such a nice way of telling me that you knew my secret. I think they are beautifully set; but how did you get them to fit so well? They are ever so much more comfortable than my others. Look, dear! I've got them on now," and opening her mouth she disclosed Mrs. Langham's twenty guinea set of false teeth.

## IV.

Her words struck me like a thunder-clap. Could it be true? Those lovely teeth I had so much admired, false? My whole soul revolted at the idea.

And yet, had she not just said so herself? My mistake—how lucky I now thought it—had revealed to me the awful truth. What a fool she had made of me, to be sure!

In my eyes she had suddenly changed from a goddess of love to a designing woman of the world.

She bent towards me, and continued almost in a whisper:

"Tell me, darling, how did you find out?"

Recalling from her into the middle of the room: "Miss Wilson," I said "till this moment I had not the slightest idea that your teeth were not your own. I sent you the ones you are now wearing by mistake; this engagement ring," taking it from my pocket and showing it her, "is what I intended to send you. Under the circumstances, I think I am justified in keeping it myself."

So saying I fled from the house, slamming the front door behind me in my anguish, not loud enough, however, to drown the shriek of anger and despair that reached me as I rushed down the steps.

When I got back to town I had another set put in hand for Mrs. Langham, and as soon as they were finished I went with them myself to her house, taking the opportunity of apologising for the long time I had kept her waiting for them. Mr. Langham insisted on hearing the result of my curious mistake, and the story caused a mile smile which would, I am sure, have developed into a hearty laugh had it not been for my doleful appearance.

I have a practice of my own now, but the lesson I then received makes me studiously careful when I send away a set of teeth.

Grand Trunk prospects and the weather conditions, and yesterday the Canadian Pacific had a poor traffic return. The bad point in West Africans, which worried nearly all the market, was a decidedly poor crushing return on the Wassau, due partly to labour difficulties.

Consols were put better, when they were uncertain until the late, when they were strengthened on the low rate at which the Government placed its Treasury bills. This and the knowledge that the Bank of England will receive large amounts of gold next week, gave rise to hopes of cheap money.

Fine weather helped the Home Railway market, and the apparently favourable reception of recent new issues had something to do with it.

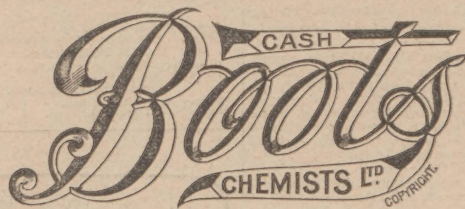
There was another disturbing factor for Argentine Rails in the knowledge that a section of the line on the Rosario line had come out on strike again.

In the Foreign market Copper shares were helped by the better outlook for the metal, and Spanish and Turkish and similar speculative favourites were advanced, in spite of the less satisfactory news about the Sultan's attitude towards Bulgaria. But in spite, too, of the Japanese Government placing its new bonds, Japanese descriptions were very weak.

Apart from West Africans, the mining sections were in good form. Lord Milner's outspoken utterances were of considerable benefit to South Africans.

## DAILY DIVIDENDS.

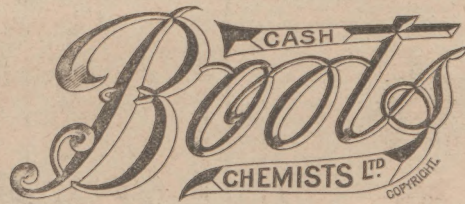
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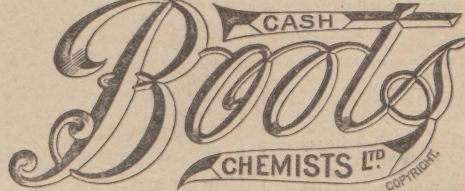
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343 Harrow Road, Paddington, W.  
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## LOST NAVAL SIGNAL BOOK.

A Reuter telegram from Gibraltar says the affair of the signal-book lost from H.M.S. Prince George is regarded there as of slight importance. The loss was purely accidental, and no court-martial has been held to inquire into the matter.

The signaller and officers of the watch, however, have been severely reprimanded.

## BEARS HAVE A BAD TIME.

Though the Continent was selling in the earlier part of the day, there was buying from the foreign buyers, and the speculators for the fall seemed to be having a bad time. In fact, with the exception of Americans and Canadian and West African mining shares, the tendency was decidedly satisfactory all round before the close.

Americans seem absolutely dispirited and hopeless. The crop and trade reports are bad. In the Canadian section they are talking pessimistically again about



# THE "GUNNERS" NEW PLAYER.

**Woolwich Arsenal F.C. Have Signed On a Scottish Player, Who, Although Only Nineteen Years of Age, Possesses a Big Reputation.**

## A GOOD PROGRAMME.

### Three International Matches on To-day's List.

As Woolwich Arsenal are almost certain to be promoted to the First Division of the Football League competition at the close of the present season, managers of the club are naturally keeping their eyes open for young and likely players.

Their latest "capture" is David Neave, a youth who learned most of his football with the Arbroath Club, a Scottish organisation of considerable importance. Although he is but nineteen years of age, Neave has already a big reputation. Good judges believe that he is likely to develop into a first-class forward. In style he closely resembles the Scottish International Templeton.

Neave is only one of many notable players produced by the Arbroath F.C., the most notable of the others being Doug, Sunderland's International goalkeeper, Buick, of Portsmouth, and Maxwell and Storrer, of Millwall. Thanks mainly to Neave's brilliant efforts the Arbroath Club won the Scottish qualifying cup not many weeks ago. The newcomer is of the greyhound type, but very wiry and well set up. If not too greatly hampered by official restrictions the Arsenal may find in him a more than useful servant.

### Rival Codes at Belfast.

After the excitement of the Cup-ties to-day's list looks a comparatively tame one, although, as a matter of fact, it is bristling with good things. There are no fewer than three Internationals on the card—two Association and one Rugby. The official obtuseness or stubbornness which caused two of these games to be played in Belfast on one and the same day deserves our severest censure. The Football Association and Rugby Union keep up a force of distant friendliness, while they allow their best fixtures to clash to the great detriment of both. A few minutes' conversation between the two secretaries would have sufficed to put the matter right.

Sheffield Wednesday, owing to injuries and the fact that they have two men on the English side to play Ireland, will be compelled to put a weak eleven in the field against Stoke. A defeat would seriously affect the Sheffield club's chances of the championship. The other matches in the First Division list are of the usual interest.

The Second Division games may yield some curious results. Preston North End are as likely as not to be beaten at Bristol, and should they succumb the Arsenal's position on the table will be made all the more secure. The Woolwich club entertain Stockport County at Plumstead, and they should experience little difficulty in winning. Burnley are certain to try hard against Manchester United, who received an unexpected "set back" when they were beaten by Blackpool last Wednesday.

### Southern League Matches.

From Sheffield Wednesday to Brentford is a bit of a drop, but Tottenham Hotspur, with a weakened team, are not likely to have matters all their own way against the Middlesex club, even if the match is played at Tottenham. One hears with regret that Morris, the 'Spurs' crack half-back, has splintered one of his ribs and is not likely to play again for some time.

The other Southern League games in town will be found at Millwall, Kensal Rise, and Fulham, and each of these should yield plenty of exciting play, for the three sets of players are very evenly matched. Unless they defeat West Ham at Swindon the Swindon club has a fair chance of falling back into the Second Division.

The list of Association "friendlies" is not a strong one. Doubtless a good crowd will assemble at Queen's Club to see the Corinthians and Notts County play, more especially after the former's brilliant victory over Bury a week ago.

Lovers of Rugby can choose between three excellent games—two of them at Richmond and the other at Blackheath. Oxford University and London Scottish will dine together after their match, and so will Blackheath and West of Scotland.

### TO-DAY'S FIXTURES.

#### ASSOCIATION.

##### INTERNATIONALS.

Ireland v. England, at Belfast.  
Scotland v. Wales, at Dundee.

##### LEAGUE I.

Blackburn Rovers v. Manchester City.  
Liverpool v. Sheffield Wednesday.  
Middlesbrough v. Newcastle United.  
Notts Forest v. Derby County.  
Sheffield Wednesday v. Stoke.  
Sunderland v. Everton.  
West Bromwich Albion v. Small Heath.  
Wolverhampton Wanderers v. Aston Villa.

##### LEAGUE II.

Barnsley v. Lincoln City.  
Bradford v. Chesterfield.  
Bristol City v. Preston North End.  
Burton United v. Grimsby.  
Leeds United v. Leicester Fosse.  
Glossop v. Bolton Wanderers.  
Manchester United v. Burnley.  
Woolwich Arsenal v. Stockport County.

##### SOUTHERN LEAGUE—Division I.

Tottenham Hotspur v. Brentford.  
Southampton v. Bristol Rovers.  
Millwall v. Reading.  
New Brompton v. Portsmouth.  
Queen's Park Rangers v. Plymouth Argyle.  
Fulham v. Wellingborough.  
Swindon v. West Ham United.  
Kettering v. Brighton and Hove Albion.

##### Division II.

Reading Reserves v. Millwall Reserves.  
Preston Reserves v. Wycombe Wanderers.  
Watford v. Southampton Reserves.

##### SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Kilmarnock v. Celtic.  
Hibernians v. Partick Thistle.  
Third Lanark v. Motherwell.  
Morton v. Hibernians.

LONDON LEAGUE (Division D).  
1st Grenadiers v. Willesden Town.  
Millwall Reserves v. Queens Park Rangers' Reserves.  
Brentford Reserves v. Tottenham Hotspur Reserves.  
Leyton v. Fulham Reserves.

##### Division II.

Woolwich Polytechnic v. Walthamstow Town.  
Finchley v. Hanwell.  
O. H. Imperial v. Kingston.  
Enfield v. G. V.R.  
Hendon v. Catford.

##### SOUTH-EASTERN LEAGUE.

St. Albans v. Watford.  
Chesham v. Havering.  
War Office v. Woolwich Arsenal Reserves.  
KENT SENIOR CUP (Semi-Final).

Dover v. Sittingbourne, at Faversham.  
Eltham v. Cray Wanderers, at Gravesend.

##### EAST KENT LEAGUE.

Horne Bay v. South Ashford Invicta.  
Ramsgate Town v. Whitstable.  
FAVERSHAM LEAGUE.  
Sheppey Athletic v. Teynham.  
Gore Court v. Horne Bay.

## BOAT RACE PRACTICE.

The Dark Blues yesterday had some good practice at Putney. They were afloat at about eleven o'clock, rowing down to Wandsworth, where they had to turn, owing to alterations in the work of the boat being necessary.

There was a delay of half an hour; then the boat was launched again, and this time they were absent for an hour and a quarter. On the pull up nothing beyond a slow stroke of twenty-six to the minute was attempted, but on the return on the club—the limit of the outward journey was the Bull's Head at Barnes—they alternated the paddling with a few spurts, mostly of a dozen strokes or so, at a racing rate.

Just below Hammersmith they tried a longer spin at the rate of thirty-six to the minute, and when off the mile post started on a row through to Putney Bridge, occupying about five minutes. The cobb had more than half run out, but the wind was favourable and the water perfectly smooth. Altogether the conditions were excellent, and the men showed a marked improvement on the previous day's form. There was a want of firmness in the grip, and the leg-drive should have been harder, but the body-wing and feather were uniform. In what-

## DAVID NEAVE.



The Woolwich Arsenal F.C.'s latest capture learned most of his football with the Arbroath Club, a Scottish team of considerable importance. Neave is only nineteen years of age, but he already possesses a big reputation. His style closely resembles that of Templeton, the Scottish International.

KENT LEAGUE.  
Folkestone v. Chatham.  
BERKS AND BUCKS LEAGUE.  
Chesham Town v. Boving.  
AMATEUR CUP COMPETITION.  
Sheffield v. Bishop Auckland.  
Chesham v. Whitehead.  
ESSEX SENIOR CUP COMPETITION.  
Ilford v. Harwich and Parkeston, at Chelmsford.  
SURREY SENIOR CUP COMPETITION.  
Towle Park v. Reigate Priory.  
SOUTHERN SUBURBAN LEAGUE.  
West Norwood v. Polytechnic.  
OTHER MATCHES.  
Corinthians v. Notts County.  
Clapton v. Canals.  
Luton v. Northampton.  
Dulwich Hamlet v. Alleyn.  
Clapton Orient v. Woolwich.

### RUGBY.

Ireland v. Wales—at Belfast.  
Bristol v. Llanelli.  
Dromargy Albion v. Cardiff.  
Gloucester v. Northampton.  
Clifton v. Bristol.  
Leicester v. Nottingham.  
R.N.E. College v. Exeter.  
Richmond v. Old Merchant Taylors.  
London Scottish v. Oxford University.  
Blackheath v. Scotland.  
Lennox v. Harlequins.

ever way it is looked at, the performance exhibited distinct promise. To-day they will be out about ten o'clock a.m.

The Canals did only light work at Henley yesterday morning. They showed good form in a series of paddles at twenty-eight strokes a minute, and made the boat travel fast when a rate of thirty-seven strokes was tried. Most of the crew also went out in the tub. Harder practice took place in the afternoon, several brief spells pulling at a racing-speed of thirty-eight strokes a minute being indulged in. This morning the Canals will row the long course from Mole Lock to Hambleton Lock, after which they will leave Henley, and, it is expected, will appear at Putney on Monday.

## M.C.C. v. SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

ADELAIDE, Friday.

The eleven to represent South Australia in the match against Mr. Warner's team to-morrow will be selected from the following—Gibbs, Hack, Jennings, Dickinson, Evans, Pellet, Claxton, Travers, Coombe, Newland, Cleasby Hill, and Harry Hill—Reuter's Special Service.

The Association football match between Ireland and England, to be played at Belfast to-day, is the twenty-third encounter between the two countries. In all matches the Irishmen have only escaped defeat once, the 1894 game being drawn.

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## MONEY GOES ON YOU GO OFF.

### Winning Double for a Lewes Triumvirate.

The late Mr. S. H. Hyde, founder of Kempton Park, would have felt no little gratification could he have seen the attendance that witnessed the steeplechasing arranged by his old colleague, Mr. W. Bevil, and by his son, the present manager of the racecourse, at Sunbury yesterday. Ladies, taking advantage of the bright sunshine, crowded the members' lawn; and, added to these pleasant surroundings, came the now unusual circumstance that the going was capital—a feather in the cap of Walter Hyde, who inherits the capacity to keep a racing track in good condition.

The feature of the meeting was the nice "double" event brought off by Mr. Hamblin, his trainer, Escott, and jockey, Ellis, by the efforts of You Go Off and Sabot—the one an outcast of the late Lord Alington, and the other of the Duke of Portland. The former was bought out of a selling plate at Hursley last year for 520 guineas, and although it was the first occasion upon which the daughter of Sir Hugo had appeared over hurdles, she negotiated the "timber" as though she liked it and was really enjoying herself. Clown II. and La Laide both blundered badly.

### Winner and Whalerone.

Capt. Heath gave an extraordinary display in the Shepperton Steeplechase, for half-way he must have been thirty lengths in front. "Cutting it," however, it was only by the application of the whip that he was enabled to stall off the attentions of Buck Up by a neck. Nevertheless, Mr. Bonas gave sixty guineas for him.

Easter Ogge appeared in the paddock, prepared to run for the Stand Steeplechase, but as Leicester was a starter, and seeing that he was only receiving 10lb. from the Cranborne candidate, whereas the pair were recently matched at 2st., little wonder exists that he was not pulled out. Shannon Lass gave a very indifferent display, and pulled up blowing like a grampus. She can have no chance in the Grand National. Leicester jumped beautifully.

In the Rendlesham Hurdle Race, named after one of the most popular of noble stewards (who was present), the Eagle went away at a rare pace, being, however, beaten six furlongs from home. Shouts were then raised for Precocious, but Fittow putting in some strong work from the last hurdle, kept Kladeradatch, the favourite, to the front amidst loud cheering.

### A Good Judge of Running.

Some smart chasers went for the Middlesex Steeplechase, which ended in What Next and The Actuary running home locked together, the first named gaining the flat by a head. By an error on the part of the judge, the number of Biology was hoisted as having been associated with the second horse. It remained in the frame after that official had left his box; but when his attention was called to the matter he put his best foot forward, tried to beat "evens" in sprinting across the members' lawn, and the proper correction was duly made, The Actuary being given the position in which he actually finished.

Mr. Manning has been reappointed clerk of the scales at Yarmouth Races. The town council, acting upon his advice, have decided to make a number of alterations before the next meeting, in order to prevent danger and to afford more room for onlookers than had hitherto been available.

## FANCIES FOR TO-DAY.

### KEMPTON PARK.

- 2.0.—Ashford Hurdle—MORNINGDEW.
- 2.30.—Wolves Hurdle—FRIAR'S HARSH.
- 3.0.—Spring Steeple—DAVID HARUM.
- 3.30.—Portland Steeple—AMBIGUITY.
- 4.0.—Littleton Hurdle—OSACK POST.
- 4.30.—Stewards' Steeple—LEINSTER.

### THE ARROW.

## NEWS FROM NEWMARKET.

Friday Night.  
Switch Cap, Mr. Gurry's Lincoln Handicap candidate, was stripped and given a fast six furlong spin to-day, with Griggs riding. He was accompanied by Unlucky Jack. The Lincoln Handicap favourite, Coscack, only had walking exercises.

Trials to-day: Mr. Gurry tried Mount Lyell (Tackler) to beat Col. Gifford (Gaffard) and Martin, in the presence of Mr. J. A. Miller, over five furlongs. Mount Lyell won by a length and a half, the same distance separating the second and third.

Mount Lyell has an engagement in the Easter Handicap, to be contested at Kempton Park on Bank Holiday. The weights will appear on the 24th inst.

Morgendale, Spinning Minnow, and Hammerkop, all of whom are in the Newmarket Handicap of £1,000, were given good work by their respective trainers.

W. Leader's Lovat, in the Great Metropolitan and Chesham Cup, was sent two miles, going well.

William Rufus was led in his work by Tower of Strength (Madden riding).

J. H. Martin was on the back of Salute, who has several early engagements, and did a rattling spin of a mile, in company with several others from Sherwood's team, including Ivan, who was ridden by Plant.

I noticed Lady Help and Eminent, but Casard were again gone on the easy list, and can be overlooked for the Lincoln Handicap.

Old Osbeck, winner of the Northumberland Plate, went two miles, and seems to be returning to youthful form.

Mr. J. T. Wood was again here to-day. Several prominent owners are expected to-morrow. Some Canon rode Catgut in a fast five-furlong gallop. The fully wet, and is expected to appropriate the Earl Spencer's Plate at Northampton. OLD ROWLEY.



F. Young's Abstrainer .....	Waller	4	10	0
Lionel Robinson's Minnie .....	Mr. Gore	4	10	0
A. Jeapes's Flying Peggy .....	Owner	3	10	0

achment which lost several men through the fall of an avalanche while hazardous winter operations were being carried out in the Alps.

**'Weekly Dispatch.'**

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